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HARRY R. GRISSINGER — 1922

DRUMS OF DESPAIR

by J. C. KOFOED

Introducing
a New Flavor for
Story Readers!

CHICAGO LEDGER

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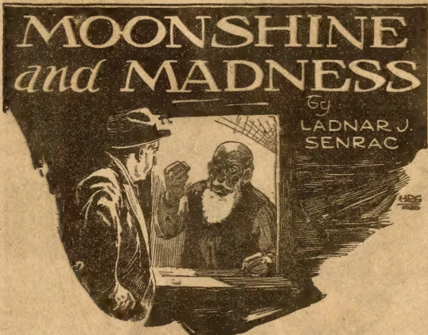
Little Odd Story of the Week—No. 33



MOONSHINE and MADNESS

By LADNAR J. SENRAC

HOW he could explain the reason for his getting lost in the Georgia hills, and the subsequent wrecking of the firm's flivver when it skidded into a tree, gave Jonathan W. Boggs, fair, fat and forty-five, but small concern as he stumbled along the rocky, moonlit road, bound he knew not whither.

He still had about half a pint of the reason safely reposing in his right hip pocket. Anyhow, if the house canned him, he could go back to telegraphing. He hadn't entirely forgotten how to hammer the old brass telegraph key during the ten years he had been selling plows and well-buckets for the Southern Hardware Company. His only concern, just now, was to find the L. & C. railroad—one of the important trunk lines between Atlanta and the North.

Jonathan had crossed this railroad in his car earlier in the night. Provided he did not become confused and take the wrong turn at one of the many forks and crossroads along the route, it would be a simple matter to get back to the little flag station at the crossing and board the first train that happened along.

For perhaps a mile he continued his uncertain progress before the lighted window of a farmhouse came in sight. "Maybe the bird that lives here has a car, and will take me to the railroad," thought Jonathan. "Anyway, he's got a telephone—there's the wires leading to the house."

In response to his knock, the door was opened by a remarkably pretty girl of the most advanced mountain-lass type, holding a smoking oil lamp in one hand and a good sized revolver of ancient design in the other.

Jonathan hastily explained the nature of his call, and apologized abjectly for having disturbed the little lady's slumbers at such an unseemly hour.

"We have no telephone," the girl informed him in icy tones, "and our car is not for the use of drunken bums like you. It's only ten miles to the railroad—and the walking at this time of night is anything but crowded."

"Thank you, ma'am," mumbled Jonathan, his feet unconsciously carrying him backward down the steps. "But if you ain't got a telephone, what's them insulators and wires for? I sure would like——"

The door closed with a bang and Jonathan found himself alone.

"Oh, well," he grunted as he retraced his steps to the road. "Ten miles ain't so awful far. Plenty of moonlight to guide my steps and plenty of moonshine left to gum them up. Fifty-fifty. On your way, feet—on your way!"

Jonathan had hardly gotten out of sight of the farmhouse when he saw, hanging low over the eastern horizon what appeared to be a star of a brilliant red. He stopped short in his tracks and stared hard for a moment at the phenomenon, his perspiring forehead drawn into corrugations of perplexity. Had he discovered a new planet? Was the world coming to an end? Or was it simply a case of the "jimmies?"

Then he gave a shout of joy. Ho! Ho! What a bloomin' idiot he was! It was nothin' in the world but a red semaphore or switch light—and either of the two meant that the L. & C. Railroad was in the immediate vicinity!

He wondered, as he hastened toward the friendly beacon, why the girl had fibbed about the distance to the railroad—and the telephone!

The red light proved to be a semaphore target perched high on a pole above the roof of a squat, ugly little depot. Never, in all his experience, had Jonathan seen a depot in such a state of absolute disrepair. The waiting-room door swung crazily on one hinge, the windows were devoid of panes, and most of the roof and ceiling had fallen in. A musty odor of age and decay hung about the place—such an odor as one invariably finds in ramshackle, untenanted buildings in the last stages of dissolution. There was something wrong—radically wrong.

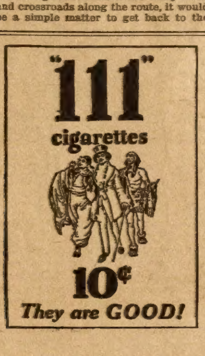
"Am I awake—or is this the stuff that dreams are made of?" Jonathan asked himself. Still, he was keenly aware of the chirping of the katydids, the rattle of the telegraph sounder in the office, and the sharp stab of a hungry mosquito. And the baldheaded old man seated at the telegraph table seemed just as natural as any old gentleman had ever met. No, he was not dreaming, but there was certainly a screw loose somewhere!

Jonathan gingerly walked across the swaying floor and leaned his elbows on the ledge of the ticket window. The old gentleman was busily engaged in copying a train order on a pad of yellow paper. Jonathan's trained hearing automatically followed the wording of the order, and presently a look of deep mystification came over his face.

THE dispatcher, at the other end of the wire, was wording his train order in a form discontinued by the railroads of the United States many years ago. Knowing his Standard Rules as a good soldier knows his General Orders, Jonathan was genuinely shocked by such a breach of technic.

"Say, cap'n!" he called out, when the aged operator had finished his copying. "What kind of a dispatcher have you got

(Continued on Page 19.)



What is Your Problem?

CONDUCTED FOR THE LEDGER by VICTORIA GREY

Have you a problem of the heart, or one dealing with etiquette, painting, music, writing or acting, which you cannot solve to your own satisfaction? Do you wish specialized information on beauty culture or some other subject? If so, just send in your problem to Victoria Grey, care of the Ledger, and it will be answered in due course in these columns. Miss Grey has had unusually successful experience along these many and diverse lines of activity, and her answers to queries are authoritative. Your name will not be published with your letter if you so request.

DEAR VICTORIA GREY: I am very bashful and when alone with any of my friends I never know what to say or do to keep up the conversation. Please give me a few hints which you think would help me.

MISS E. A.

If I were you, I should endeavor to find out what subject each of your friends is interested in. Then I should find out as much as I could about these subjects. Let us suppose one of them is interested in baseball! I should get a book and study the ins and outs of baseball. What you do not understand, ask your friend about. You may rely upon it that that will start conversation and keep it going, too. If he is interested in jokes, get some joke magazines. Each of you take a magazine and read off the jokes alternately, to each other. I once knew two girls who always carried a stock of the latest jokes taken from the lighter magazines. They would meet once a week and rehearse their jokes to each other, just so they could tell them with ease when "entertaining." I also know a young husband who used to carry a slip of paper with his list of subjects to discuss during the evening, every time he called on his future wife.

Of course, you must not turn the evening into a verbal recital. Do not sit up and discourse madly from the start of the evening till the end. When the natural conversation lags, you can bring in a few things you've looked up.

—

Dear Miss Grey: If it does not take too much time and space, I should like answers to these questions: 1. When an instrumental piece of music is sent for publication, in what form should it be sent? Should a brief letter, typewritten or in ink be sent with manuscripts? Must the sheets bear your name and address printed? 2. How should the title and expression marks be written, with ink or typewriter? 3. In how many grades can Czerny Studies be obtained and is each grade in a separate book? Some of the Czerny studies are written from grades, 1 to 3, the three being in one book. Will greatly appreciate your information.

PUZZLED.

1. Blank music paper should be used, that is, with the staff lines printed on it. This can be obtained from any good music store. The music, bars, etc., should be filled in with ink. A typewritten or legible long hand letter may accompany the manuscript. Write (or typewrite) your name and address in the upper left hand corner of each separate sheet. 2. Title and expression marks, name, address and all are generally written in a very legible hand and in ink. If one has a typewriter, it does no harm to type them. 3. Czerny's Studies include about all grades. He has written thousands of them. There are: Practical Method for Beginners on the Piano, Opus 599; One Hundred Progressive Studies Without Octaves, Opus 139; Six Octave Studies in Progressive Difficulty, Opus 553; Thirty New Studies in Mechanism, Opus 849; the well known and very popular School of Velocity, Opus 299. This can be had in four books or one large book of four divisions: Then there is Opus 740, called Finger Dexterity. These titles are arranged here according to difficulty.

—

Dear Miss Grey: Please tell me of something that will make the bust smaller and firm. I am a young girl and my bust is so large it is burdensome. Thanks.

PRETTY BLONDE.

For firmness, bathe with ice or cold water daily. However, this will increase the size. Plenty of exercise that employs the arms and shoulders, such as tennis playing, is the thing for you. Use no ointments if you want to preserve your health and beauty.

—

Dear Miss Grey: I am a boy of 20 and am trying to get an art education. I am poor and have no one to help me or pay my way to art school. Can you give me any suggestions or advice of any kind? If you can, it will be very much appreciated. What is the best way to get my work on the market? What kind of literature should I study to get a better command of business English? I realize I must study at home to get a better education, so anything you can give me in the way of advice will be very much appreciated, indeed.

Yours, J. W. L.

I wonder what kind of work you lean to, whether outdoor scenes, animals, sea scenes, human faces or human form and face? At any rate one has two big problems when doing work in black and white and three huge problems when doing work in color; they are: 1. Composition, or getting the objects in the picture together in a pleasing manner, or letting the lines and masses form a graceful pattern. 2. Draftsmanship, or the ability to draw the objects in the picture with trueness. 3. Color. How colors effect each other; how distance effects color; how objects effect each other's color. If I were you, I should write to an art academy or a book store that deals in books on art and ask them to recommend a textbook on each of these three subjects. I should like very much to hear from you again. Tell me what sort of art subjects you are interested in. If you will do that, I may be able to give you a great deal of information.

A good way to sell your pictures is to arrange with some store—even if it be a grocery store—to let you hang your pictures on their walls with little "for sale" tickets in the corners. If your pictures are pleasing enough, they will enhance a store and earn for themselves a display space. Let me hear from you again.

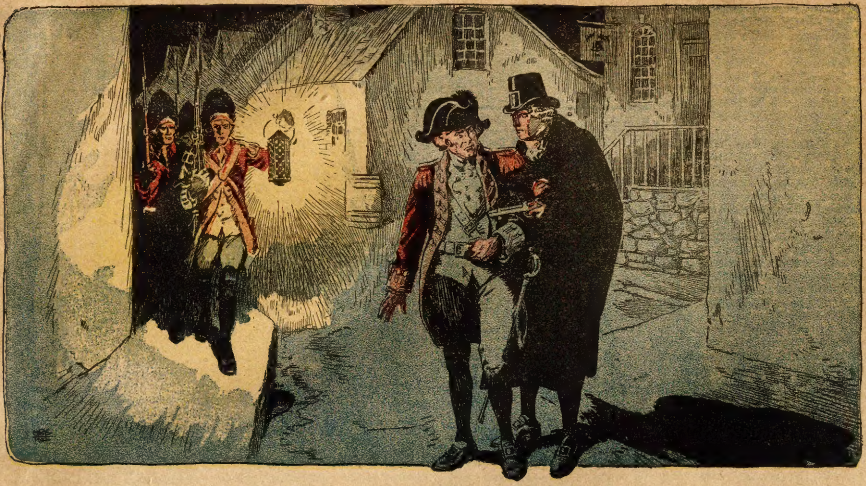
—

BLUE EYES: If it makes you unhappy to be in the young man's company, better give him up.

UNDECIDED SUE: He may not have received your letter. No harm to write again if you enjoy writing to him.

HEARTBROKEN: The young man evidently likes you because you can tell him little incidents concerning your chum with whom he is in love. Pull yourself out of love with him before you get too deeply in, young lady. Yes, it will be hard, but the longer you delay the more difficult it will become.

MRS. E. C.: I am very, very sorry, but I am not in a position to do this.



"The Grand Rounds!" Muttered Anthony. "Remember, Tarleton, If You Let Them Know Anything Is Wrong——" He Pressed the Pistol Harder Against the Colonel's Side.

DRUMS OF DESPAIR

J. C. KOFOED

FROM that heart-breaking hour, when the British drums rolled within her boundaries, and the tramp of the grenadiers wakened the silence of Market street, Philadelphia knew what it meant to look into the shadowy eyes of Despair. With Washington's starving battalions no longer interposed to defend her; with Congress honeycombed by a dozen cliques; with the butcher, Cunningham, as her provost-marshal, the city of Penn drank the bitter cup to the dregs.

Thru all the black winter of the occupation the knowledge of what her gallant tatterdemalions were suffering there on the hills of Valley Forge twisted the knife more deeply in her heart. The black privation in the city might better have been borne had only the American fighting men profited by it.

But the patriots of Philadelphia never faltered in their allegiance; never doubted that some day his Excellency would drub the scarlet-coated regiments from her streets.

Tho Parson Muhlenberg might cry, "Bend thy neck, Pennsylvania, and prepare to meet thy God!" their necks never were bent save in prayer.

* * * * * * *

The ancient and honorable firm of Alexander and Hector McCall, importers, was housed in a red brick building on Water street, an old, old building that overlooked the Delaware River. One would never have guessed how high it stood in the mercantile affairs of the American colonies by pottering thru its dusty offices, with its spindly-legged desks and thong-bound account books; or by following an antiquated clerk, candle in hand, thru the warerooms, where bales of wool and various casks were piled one on the other.

The McCalls themselves were dead long since. Half interest in the firm was held by Peggy, a daughter of old Alexander McCall, and a quarter share each by Christopher and Anthony Boyd, third cousins or thereabouts of the defunct partners.

Neither of the brothers were in the city, nor had been since open war was started by the Minute Men at Lexington. Anthony was in England, supposedly on business of the firm, tho Peggy doubted most greatly it was such business that kept him there. Christopher was serving in the field as a lieutenant with Colonel Humphrey's Eleventh regiment of Pennsylvania Light Infantry. Peculiarly enough, few people knew this. Only the Entwisles, and their kin, the Scharfs, and two or three other patriot families were aware that the Boyds were in the service of their country. Among others they were supposed to be loyalists because the McCalls had been, and this single fact had prevented the confiscation of the firm when General Howe marched his red-coated regulars into the city.

Mistress Peggy herself came to the warehouse this brisk winter morning in the year of grace 1777. Her bearers set the sedan-chair before the door, and out of it she tripped, her flowered gown covered by a great cape, her hair by a piquant hat a la Gunning, with ribbons tied under her dainty chin.

Since the Boyds had gone old Samuel Shippin, withered and watery-eyed and chief clerk these thirty years, was in charge. He hastened to set out a chair for her, and then dawdled about with a face as long as a Boston man's on a Sabbath morn.

Reason enough, too, thought Peggy, with the responsibility of the firm on his stooped shoulders, and the British footing it about the city, fifes squealing, drums booming. Besides, business was most wretched, and the moneys she required to maintain her station was forthcoming only after many groans from Samuel Shippin. He took such things to heart, which Peggy did not do.

However, his gloom bored her always, and never more so than on this morning.

"This silence is truly soothing," quoth she, nose in air. "For mercy's sake, Shippin, change that sulky face for a brighter mask, and find a civil word for me. Please to say something. You did not ask me down here merely to frown at me—I'll not believe that of you, Shippin—not yet abit——"

The old clerk shook his head, eyes fixed on the cracked wainscot behind his high desk.

"Nor to lecture me most severely on my extravagance, you having been given that privilege by my father?"

"Not today, Mistress Peggy. . . . Mr. Anthony is back, having landed but an hour gone from a French packet. Being without money he came here at once, and ordered a messenger despatched for you . . . waiving ceremony between such old friends." He flung open the counting-room, disclosing Anthony.

He came toward Peggy eagerly—a tall, graceful youth, clothed with the elegant carelessness of perfection; a far different figure than his stocky, shoddily-clad brother would have cut. There was spotless lace at cuff and throat, and the buckles flashed at stock and knee and shoe in the pleasant sunshine.

"Peggy!" he cried, and there was a world of meaning in his voice.

She had turned quite pale; her eyes seemed set and fascinated. She greeted him in a low voice as tho uncertain of her own words. For a moment Anthony was chilled by her lifeless greeting, but the sheer happiness of homecoming, and seeing her again soon warmed his heart.

Shortly they bid Samuel Shippin farewell, and walked up Market street under the lime trees, where an occasional disconsolate bird chirped lonesomely. Peggy had regained her cheer. She urged Anthony to tell her of the months he had spent in England—his letters having been few and scattered. So young Boyd talked in a low voice, thrilling to note how she seemed to hang on his words. Had he only imagined that she was not happy to see him?

"Our firm's business in Bath was but a blind," said he. "I went there on a mission for General Washington, and played the fop to the best of my small ability. I became a patron of the ring, and haunted the boxing booths at Smithfield, Moorfield and Southwark. Many a milling cove I boxed—it being the fashion among fops—and made a most excellent friend of Jonathan Jenifer, the champion, a fine, upstanding figure of a man, Peg, and with the tender heart of a woman."

THE girl shrugged her shoulders—a dainty gesture of disgust.

Anthony smiled at her. "You call it a shameful sport, but boxing is a fashionable passion in England! The Duke of York, my Lords of Albermarle, Sefton, Byron and Pomfret are among its most active supporters. At least, its ethics are better than those of the cockpit—which occupies so closely the officers and gentlemen of these most Christian colonies. . . . But enough o' that.

"Jenifer, who has little regard for brute strength, taught me all his tricks of the trade, and we became the best of friends. No one should have suspected my real purpose in England; none would have, I'll swear, but for a letter that came to the mayor of Bath denouncing me as a rebel . . . and that letter, Peg, was signed by my brother, Christopher!"

"Christopher!" Peggy's voice was shocked, incredulous. "That is impossible."

"So I thought, but it is true, nevertheless. So they took me off, in gyves, to Old Mill prison, and there I lay for three long months. Then luck looked my way. Jonathan Jenifer was pressed into the army, and sent to Old Mill to help guard it. He agreed to aid, thinking it no treason to his country to help me 'scape the trap.

"Old Mill prison stands in the center of an extensive court, surrounded by a high wall, and twenty feet beyond that another. The only apertures are a gate in each; the inner one of massive iron bars. The outer one was usually left open during the day to allow free communication between the jailers and their families.

"Jenifer secured for me a British officer's undress uniform, which I covered with my long coat. At 2 o'clock of an afternoon, while the jailors were greasing their chins with good goose gravy and only the soldiers were on duty beyond the walls, I climbed over the first one, whipped off my great coat, dropped to the ground, and calmly walked by the sentinel, who saluted my uniform, perdu!"

Peggy stared at Boyd with fascinated eyes.

"Near to the Plymouth docks was the shop of a cordwainer, an old man who loved the American cause. To him I went, and he arranged passage to France for me on a fishing smack. And then, just as the shores of England began to fade behind us, up came a privateer out o' Guernsey, and bade us haul to.

"'What have you on board and where are y' bound?' the officer demanded when he came aboard.

"I let him see my uniform, and he became more respectful. 'I have nothing aboard,' says I, 'and as my business is urgent and of interest to the government you will find it better not to interfere.'

"He wanted proofs of my mission. I told him, truly enough, that its success depended on secrecy. 'Then, sir,' says the privateersman, 'I shall be under the unpleasant necessity of carrying you back to England.'

"'Do as you please,' I told him, 'but remember that when you are punished I warned you. If you are going to take me back I demand that you carry me at once to Admiral Digby's flagship.'

"That set him back in a fairish way. He scratched his head and pondered, for the Admiral's press-gang might steal his best men. 'Damme if I take you back,' says he. 'If aught is wrong that is Digby's affair, not mine. Go your way, sir.'

"That we did, making a landing in France, where I purchased passage to Philadelphia—and you!"

By this time they had strolled as far as Fifth street, whence the head of a parade appeared.

Wave after wave of soldiery marched by. The grenadiers, in scarlet coats faced with yellow and ornamented with lace; dragoons, Hessians and Yagers; the Coldstream Guards, with their band playing, "God Save the King," then more grenadiers.

Shoulder to shoulder, Anthony and Peggy stood on the curbing to watch the marching troops.

"So these are the men we fight," she mused, fingers tightly locked on his sleeve. "They do not look wicked."

"They are not," said Anthony, "but they fight in a bad cause. And they must be beaten, no matter what the cost to us—no matter what the cost!"

Anthony stayed but a day or two in Philadelphia before securing a pass from General Howe. His ostensible reason for leaving the city was to travel

(Continued on Page 16.)

The Second Part of a Strong Story in Which Hilary Askew Learns of the Heavy Odds Against Him.

WOODEN SPOIL

By H. M. Egbert

What Was Told in the First Installment

HILARY ASKEW, a courageous and efficient young American, who had made forestry his chief study, inherited his uncle's timber tract of one hundred square miles in the province of Quebec, Canada, within which the former owner,

MONSIEUR EDMOND ROSNY, still retained his chateau and a few surrounding acres. Upon arriving in Quebec, from the States, young Askew visited the office of

LAMARTINE, a notary, who at once began to belittle the value of the timber tract as an investment. Hilary's uncle, according to the notary, had paid three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the cutting rights alone, and it had proved a very discouraging investment. The desirable timber, for lumber or pulp, was either too small or too scarce. His uncle had stood a loss nearly every year. The notary knew of a company that would possibly pay him forty-five thousand dollars for his timber rights. He'd better sell out and return to the States.

The St. Boniface tract—Hilary's holdings—lay below the city of Quebec—on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Adjacent to it was the Sainte Marie Company's tract, with

MONSIEUR EDOUARD BROUSSEAU, as part owner, who with his associate and partner,

MR. MORRIS, had managed the St. Boniface property for young Askew's uncle. Askew suspicioned that the notary, Brousseau and Morris were in league to get possession of the St. Boniface tract, and his visit to the tract soon convinced him that his suspicions were well founded. The timber cutters were surly and disinclined to listen to his orders, all save

LAFE CONNELL, a down-east Yankee, foreman of the cutters, who hinted that the tract had been badly managed, evidently for the benefit of the Brousseau-Morris combine.

MADELINE ROSNY, daughter of the owner of the chateau, the latter commonly known as "the Seigneur," also withheld even her polite courtesy to the new proprietor of St. Boniface, which again reminded the young man that he soon would have a big fight on his hands, in which he would be pitted against several crooked schemers and possibly this pretty daughter of one of them—in fact forced to battle against big odds in men, money and feminine scorn.

CHAPTER III—(Continued).

LAFE stammered and hung his head like a schoolboy caught in wrong-doing. But Hilary's hand was gripping his shoulder, and at last Lafe raised his head and looked straight at Hilary.

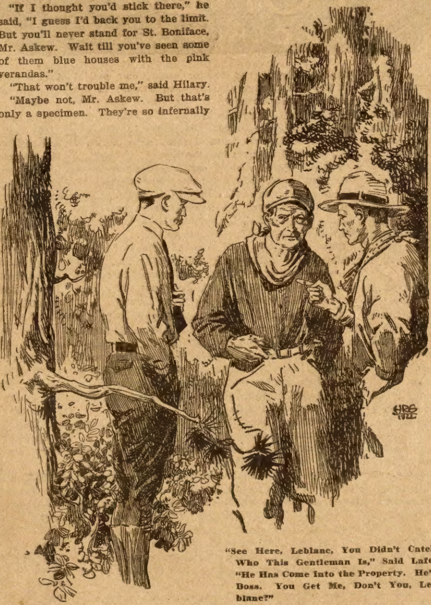
"If I thought you'd stick there," he said, "I guess I'd back you to the limit. But you'll never stand for St. Boniface, Mr. Askew. Wait till you've seen some of them blue houses with the pink verandas."

"That won't trouble me," said Hilary.

"Maybe not, Mr. Askew. But that's only a specimen. They're so infernally slow here, they ain't got human ways, sir. And they're crooked. I mean the big men. You'd never stand for the lumber business up here. I thought, when I heard you was coming, you'd be like Mr. Morris—I mean, wise to the game—but you ain't. I guess most business is crooked everywhere, but here it's crooked all thru. You'll be selling out to Mr. Brousseau in a month's time, and that'll be my finish."

"You're dead wrong, Connell," answered Hilary. "I like the looks of this country, and I'm here to stay. And the more trouble I find, the more fun I'm going to have. Now, Connell, suppose you forget about Mr. Brousseau for a while and consider yourself to be what you are, my paid employe. And you can count on my standing by you."

He held his hand out. For a moment Lafe Connell's keen gray eyes met his in searching inquiry; then he took Hilary's hand and wrung it.


"See Here, Leblanc, You Didn't Catch Who This Gentleman Is," Said Lafe. "He Has Come Into the Property. He's Boss. You Get Me, Don't You, Leblane?"

"I believe you mean what you say, Mr. Askew," he returned. "And you can reckon on me so far as my duty goes."

"I suppose that tale about the Rosny seigniory being nothing but fir is a lie, Connell?" asked Hilary presently, as the pony ambled thru a valley overgrown with red pine.

"Mostly," said Lafe. "There is a deal of fir, but there's enough spruce and pine to make the concession pay, if Mr. Morris wanted it to."

"So Morris has been playing double?"

Lafe nodded. "You see, Mr. Askew, it's this way," he said. "When Morris came up here I believe he meant to run straight. But he'd been a lumber man in a small way up in Ontario, and he wasn't wise to the game as it's played here. Here it's graft, and it's never been nothing else. I ain't saying there aren't plenty of honest lumber companies. But it's the biggest moneymaker of the day, and there's a whole lot of sharks got drawn into it. So when Morris found your uncle didn't know nothing about the business, and left it in his hands, he naturally fell for the game Brousseau was playing.

"Brousseau is the big man up here, and he'd had his eye on the Rosny seigniory for a long time. He wanted to buy, but Rosny was sore on him, and he closed the deal with your uncle instead. But afterward Brousseau got the mortgage on the chateau and the little bit of land round it, to keep hold on Rosny.

"Well, the Rosny seigniory is the only piece of freehold up this way. Beyond it's government land, and all round it's government land. Brousseau started in to squeeze your uncle out. And Morris went with him. He played double, as you were saying, Mr. Askew. He went into partnership with Brousseau in the Ste. Marie company, and they arranged to let our tract go to the devil, with that story about fir. I guess there's a crooked lawyer down in Quebec who's in with them—I don't know his name—but the point of the whole game was to freeze out your uncle and get the property for a song. And that's how it stands."

"And how did Brousseau get hold of so much government land?" asked Hilary. "The timber rights are about ten dollars an acre, I understand. That wouldn't leave enough profit to make the whole game worth planning."

"Mr. Brousseau never leased the Ste. Marie limits," said Lafe. "He owns it—owns the timber and the land, too. And what he paid is sixty cents an acre. You see that cabin, Mr. Askew? The man that built that had twelve children."

They were passing a dismantled, dilapidated structure of a single story, containing two rooms—a mere shack of frame, built on the surface of the ground and open to wind and weather.

"Well?" asked Hilary.

"Well, Mr. Askew, I see you don't know what I mean. The wise men in the Quebec legislature passed an act that any settler with twelve children was to get a tract of land free, on condition that he settled on it. So Brousseau scours the Province—and he doesn't have to scour it very hard—to find fifty or sixty, or maybe a hundred settlers with twelve children. He brings them up here and settles them among the borders of the St. Boniface seigniory. When they've become legal settlers, or maybe before they have, he buys them out for a few dollars. That's how he got hold of the Ste. Marie territory. And theen there are the settlers without twelve children— it cost him sixty cents an acre to settlee them there. And he got their land, too. That's how the game's worked up heree, Mr. Askew."

"I see," said Hilary, becoming thoughtful.

"It's a big game, and there's money enough in it for all. And I guess Morris and Brousseau have been clearing up the St. Boniface territory and putting down the wood to the credit of Ste. Marie, and swindling your uncle out of a good many dollars. They made me bookkeeper once. I got wise to the game and took the foreman's job instead. I guess Morris suspects I know something; anyway, he renewed my contract, and—here I am, Mr. Askew. And here we turn off into Mr. Leblanc's lease."

"Who's he?"

"Your chief jobber," said Lafe.

The buggy turned off thru the forest along a new road. Here was some splendid timber, black and white spruce and tall white pine. The sound of axes began to be audible, and presently they reached a clearing in which a number of shacks were under construction. Superintending the work was a tall, rather fair man of about 40 years, with a cast in one eye; and with him was a short, thickset man of great muscular power. The two looked up as the buggy approached, and the short man scowled. He had a thatch of jet black hair, which hung over his forehead and gave him a gypsy aspect.

"This is Mr. Leblanc," said Lafe. "Mr. Leblanc, this is Mr. Askew, the owner."

Leblanc put out his hand limply, but Hilary, nettled by his manner, did not take it.

"Mr. Leblanc is clearing a camp for his next year's lease," continued Lafe.

"But the lease is not signed?" asked Hilary.

"It will be signed in October," answered Leblanc. "I have arrange with Monsieur Morris."

"You'll make your arrangements with me in future," said Hilary. "If the price is satisfactory, you can have this tract."

Leblanc stared at him insolently with his good eye, the other fixing a tree on Hilary's right. "I work for Mr. Morris. I make arrange with him," he answered.

"See here, Leblanc, you didn't catch who this gentleman is," said Lafe. "This is Mr. Askew, the nephew of the late Mr. Askew. He has come into the property. He's boss. You get me, don't you, Leblanc?"

Leblanc shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, yes, I understand," he answered, and, turning without another word, walked back toward the lumbermen, accompanied by the short man, who was chuckling maliciously at Hilary's discomfiture.

Hilary flushed, but Lafe laid his hand on his wrist, closing the fingers about it with a viselike grip.

"Steady, Mr. Askew. Don't let those fellows get you riled," he said.

Hilary got himself under control. "Yes, you're right, Connell," he said.

"If you're coming into this game it means steady work," said Lafe. "You've got to hold back and hold back, until you've got things ready."

They re-entered the buggy and, turning the horse, drove back.

"HE CERTAINLY got the better of me," said Hilary. "But what was the point of the fellow's insolence?"

Lafe shrugged his shoulders. "These fellows don't know no better," he said. "It ain't no use to get mad until you're fighting mad. I guess they've run Morris and Brousseau's game fur them so long they've lost their heads. They think Brosseau's the Almighty up in this district."

"But Brousseau has nothing to do with the St. Boniface limits," erclaimed Hilary in exasperation.

Lafe shrugged his shoulders, and presently Hilary cooled down again. "Who was the little man?" he asked.

"That's Pierre Something-or-other. Black Pierre, he's called. He's Brousseau's chief crook. He's a troublesome man, Mr. Hilary. He'll bear watching."

"We'll fire him first thing," said Hilary.

"Why, he ain't hired by us," answered Lafe.

"Then what in thunder is he doing on my concession, talking to my chief jobber?"

"Well, there ain't no law against it," said Lafe, with the humorous look on his face. "I guess them two are pretty thick together.

"You see, Mr. Askew, it's this way," he went on. "If you're going to clear up this mess, it ain't a bit of good going for the little fellows. They're the tail that Brousseau wags. Once you get Brousseau's hand out of your pie, the others follow him. When Pierre sees there ain't no more pickings out of the St. Boniface land he'll go back to the smuggling business."

"Brandy smuggling?"

"Why, he's the bad man of Ste. Marie. He runs cargoes of gin and brandy ashore from the South coast, and there's never been a revenue officer in this district within human memory, nor would one dare to show his face here. But that ain't the worst thing about Pierre. There's a dozen homes along the coast where his life wouldn't be worth a minute's purchase if he showed his face there. Strong as he is, and boaster as he is, he daren't go far outside the Ste. Marie territory, because he knows he'd be taking his life into his hand. He's helped most to make Ste. Marie what it is. And that's what I've got most against Brousseau. He knows conditions there, and it's all one to him, so long as he has the whip hand in the place. Say, I'll take you thru Ste. Marie on the way back to the mill!"

They had reached the main road again; they went on a little way and then turned westward over a rough track thru a burned over district densely covered with fireweed and white starved asters. Soon another rig appeared before them, topping the hill. Lafe pulled in as it approached.

"Bonjour, Father Lucy," he called to the elderly priest, attired in closely fitting soutane, who sat inside. "Been over to Ste. Marie?"

"Good morning, Mr. Lafe," responded the other, reining in also. "Yes, Mr. Lafe."

"Father Lucy, this gentleman is Mr. Askew, the new owner of the Rosny concession. He's old Mr. Askew's nephew."

The cure looked Hilary over; then he leaned forward and extended his hand, which Hilary grasped.

"I am please to meet you, Mr. Askew," he said. "I 'ope we shall become friens, like Mr. Lafe here, an' not quarrel so much."

"Ah, Father Lucy, you make me tired sometimes," said Lafe. "What in thunder's the use of praying for rain when the forests are burning, instead of getting busy and putting out the fire?"

"Mr. Lafe, there is many thing you do not understand," said the cure, patting the Yankee on the shoulder benevolently. "Mr. Lafe is fine fellow," he added to Hilary, "but he want to go too quick all the time."

"Well, say! I wouldn't have to go at more than a crawl to leave St. Boniface behind," answered Lafe. "The trouble with you folks is, you're too slow and set."

It was evident to Hilary that the two were fast friends. Father Lucien clucked to his pony, took off his hat with a flourish, and resumed his journey.

"Father Lucy's a good sort," muttered Lafe, "but he makes me tired sometimes. Slow as the devil, Mr. Askew. And yet, now I come to think of it, he does get results in his own time. He ain't equal to cleaning up Ste. Marie, tho."

After a pause he added: "Sometimes I've thought that Father Lucy had something up his sleeve about Ste. Marie after all."

An hour's drive brought them within sight of the village, a straggling array of cabins, flanked by a swelling hill, beyond which the lighthouse was visible on a farther point, and the flat of the Gulf. Ste. Marie was almost a replica of St. Boniface externally, with the same shacks, clustered about the brick offices of the company. Many of the houses were closed, however, and the tattered, lace-edged shades drawn, and there were fewer children playing with the mongrel sleigh-dogs that lay in the dust and blinked up at the sun.

"Not much to see now," said Lafe. "But on pay night it's fierce, Mr. Askew. I guess this place is a real hell."

"Rowdy, Connell, you mean?"

"I didn't mean that, Mr. Askew. It's that, God knows; but what I meant by hell was a place where everybody's a law to himself with nothing to restrain him. A place where everybody does what he wants to do. That's my idea of hell, sir. What's yours?"

Hilary looked curiously at the lean New Englander. He had not thought of it, but now it occurred to him that Lafe, like most of his breed, probably had a latent vein of puritanism somewhere in his composition.

"I guess your definition is sound, Connell," he answered.

THE road wound along the shore. Presently St. Boniface came into sight. "I think I'll go into the office, Connell," said Hilary.

"I guess you'll have to break it open, then," said Lafe. "Mr. Morris took the keys with him."

"When's he coming back?"

"We were expecting him on the boat this afternoon."

Hilary considered for a moment. "I'll wait till tomorrow, then," he said. "Your advice to me was good, Connell—the advice you gave me in the woods. Hello, Monsieur Baptiste!"

The little scaler and timekeeper was hurrying toward the buggy. "Monsieur!" he gasped. "Monsieur Askew, yesterday I did not know who you were Excuse!"

"That's all right, Baptiste," answered Hilary. "Just remember that I'm running things here now, that's all. And, by the way, that order about trespassers and visitors is at an end. There's going to be nothing done here that we'll be afraid of people finding out. Got it?"

Jean-Marie Baptiste evidently had got it, for he looked almost terrified. He touched his hat and withdrew with a sort of shuffling bow.

"You certainly do have the knack of putting things across, Mr. Askew," said Lafe admiringly. "I guess you're ready to go back to the hotel. Wait! There's old Dupont, the captain of the lumber schooner. I guess you'll want to meet him?"

"I suppose so," said Hilary.

He was preparing to descend when he saw Dupont coming toward the rig, accompanied by the timekeeper. The captain was a tall old man of about 60 years, with a gray beard, a weather-beaten face, and pale gray eyes that seemed to burn with some consuming fire. His look, as he turned it on Hilary, was so searching, and so inscrutable, and so momentarily hostile, that Hilary felt uncomfortable. There was a history behind that penetrating stare—a history and a hate.

But after a moment's examination of Hilary's face a film seemed to come over the old man's eyes. Whatever the reason for his strange gaze, Dupont was satisfied. He stood by Lafe, and Jean-Baptiste translated.

"The captain says the schooner's full," he said. "He wants to start for Quebec on tonight's tide."

"Tell him to speak to Mr. Askew here," answered Lafe. "Say that Mr. Askew's in charge."

The timekeeper translated back into the French. A smile flickered upon Dupont's face. He shook his head and answered.

"He says he's got to have Mr. Morris' orders," said Baptiste.

Lafe turned to Hilary, who took up the conversation. "Ask him if he doesn't understand what I am here for," he suggested.

Dupont was impregnable in his position. He had lumber from both concessions, and Mr. Morris was in charge of both. What orders had been left with reference to his freight?

Lafe was pleased and surprised at the way Hilary took it. But Hilary had learned a good deal during that morning.

"That sounds reasonable," he said. "Give him Mr. Morris' orders, Connell, whatever they are." And, when the matter had been settled, he added: "You were dead right, Connell. We've got to settle with the big fellows first."

He dropped Lafe at the mill and drove slowly homeward across the bridge, thinking hard. He had certainly set himself a hard task. Hilary had had experience of local politics in a small city afforestation order in the United States; he could guess the need of conciliation and diplomacy, coupled with hardness and resolution, when these were needed, in a wild country like that, far beyond civilization, where law existed only as an abstraction, when the race question, adways dominant, threatened to complicate the issue, weighing the scales against him.

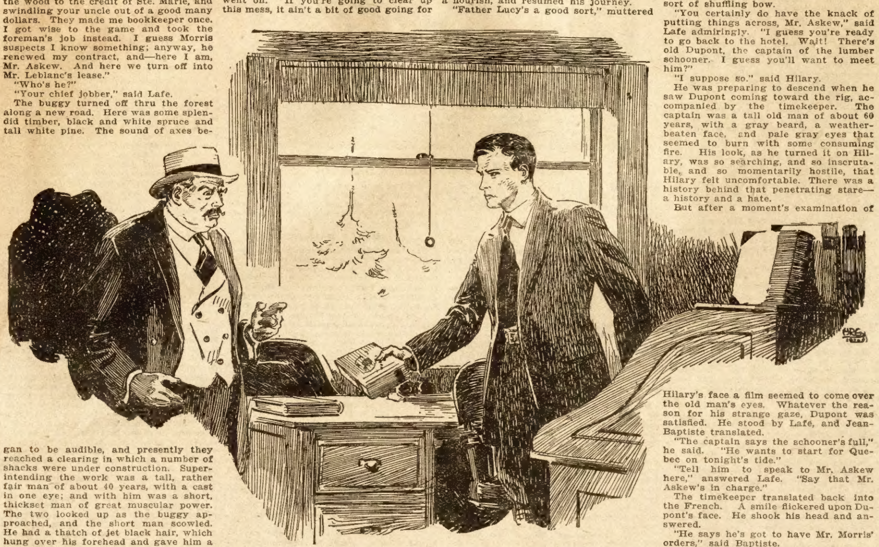
He must settle with the big fellows. Morris first. There should be no difficulty in getting rid of him. Brousseau must be met firmly, but, if possible, tactfully. There would probably be no trouble with Leblanc after he had shown that he was master. And Lafe would be a pillar of strength. Hilary had instinctive faith in the slow-speaking Yankee.

"I must get little Baptiste on our side, too," he said aloud, as the buggy topped the hill beyond the bridge; and then he became aware of Madeleine Rosny upon her horse, at the end of the branch road, waiting for him to pass.

Hilary felt uncertain and awkward. Ought he to raise his hat to her? A glance at her face showed him that she was perfectly aware who he was. It showed him a firm chin, resolutely set, two angry blue eyes, and flushed cheeks whose redness did not come from hard riding.

He decided to bow. But before he did so the buggy had passed, leaving a path; and Mademoiselle Madeleine, her face averted, started her horse down the hill, leaving Hilary staring back at her until she disappeared from sight.

He jerked the reins angrily, and the pony set off at a gallop for Monsieur



Morris Regretted Already the Outburst of Temper Which Had Made His Resignation All but Irrevocable. He Was Ready to Accept Any Extension of the Olive Branch. "Take Your Cigars," said Hilary, Opening the Drawer and Bringing Out the Box.

Tremblay's stables. But before the final descent was reached Hilary was laughing. Somehow the girl's hostility seemed to add a zest to the game.

"I don't know that I'll be so very diplomatic with Brousseau after all," said Hilary, as he drew rein at the stable entrance.

CHAPTER IV.

HILARY TALKS BUSINESS.

THE landlord, Monsieur Tremblay, possessed a telephone with a crank, which he turned furiously whenever he felt the need of social intercouse with St. Boniface. Hilary was smoking on the porch the next morning, formulating his plans, when he heard the bell on the side of the telephone box begin to ring clangorously. Then came Monsieur Tremblay's assault upon the mechanism, following which he came out and made it clear to Hilary that he was wanted.

It was Lafe Connell calling.

"Say, Mr. Askew," he said, "I'm 'phoning you from my old boarding place. They came back yesterday afternoon; the boat was late; maybe you didn't know. They've been cross-questioning me and Baptiste all the morning. I had some work explaining how you threatened to fire me unless I took you for a drive. Brousseau's just left, and Morris has ordered the store-keeper's rig to drive over to you in an hour's time."

"Thanks, Connell," said Hilary.

"I guess you've made up your mind what you're going to do."

"I believe in the strategical offensive, Connell," said Hilary.

"I didn't get that," said Connell's voice.

"You will," said Hilary. "I'm much obliged. I'm coming over."

He reached the office just in time to see Morris emerge toward a buggy which was drawn up before the door. Morris looked plainly disconcerted to see him.

He was an older man than Hilary had expected to meet. He seemed well on the shady side of 50. He was well-dressed, with an expanse of cuff and collar, and a white waistcoat which covered a pronounced embonpoint. He had elusive gray eyes, a prominent but ill-defined nose, and a heavy, thready mustache. It was a type Hilary knew intimately; the crooked business go-between.

"Mr. Morris, I think," he said, descending and tieing the pony to the hitching-post in front of the building.

Morris held out his hand, which Hilary took, with no great cordiality. "I came back last night and heard you were here, Mr. Askew," he said. "I was just coming over to see you." He made a step toward his buggy, but Hilary did not follow him.

"I guess you heard I was back," said Morris, with inquiry in his tone. "Somebody telephoned you?"

"I heard you were here," said Hilary. "I came to see you and talk things over."

Morris, recognizing the situation, accepted it and, turning back, pulled the key out of his pocket and opened the office door. It was a well-furnished little place, with two large desks and revolving chairs, a set of drawers and a leather sofa. Hilary sat down at the desk nearest the window, from which he could see the endless line of logs ascending the cogged chain that drew them into the mill flume.

Morris took a box of cigars from his desk drawer and offered it to Hilary, who declined. Morris chose one and, biting off the end, lit it. Hilary could see that his hand trembled a little. The man was breathing rather loudly.

"Well, sir," he said, seating himself, "this is the last place in the world where I should have expected to see you. I have just heard from Mr. Lamartine that you intended to pay a visit to Quebec, but that letter was written some days ago. You didn't see him?"

Two days before Hilary would have jumped at the bait, would have shown his resentment of the lie, declared hostility, and given Morris his cue. Now he only smiled pleasantly. He would keep Morris on tenterhooks a while.

"Yes, I saw him," he answered. "He tried to dissuade me from coming up here, but I wanted to see the property."

"If you had let me know," said Morris, "I could have made arrangements. You have come in the slackest month of the year. There is very little to show you. But I shall arrange to take you all over the concession. I suppose you'll be staying long enough to do some fishing, Mr. Askew? There are some fine trout lakes a few miles to the north. We might make a day's trip of it."

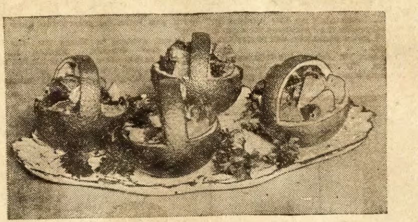
His sentences were not continuous. There was a considerable pause after each, long enough to allow Hilary to reply. If Hilary's silences had aroused respect in the mind of Lamartine, they aroused positive fear in that of Morris. The man's smooth, modulated tones began to be jerky, he breathed harder, and at the end he gave the impression of having talked himself out without effect.

Hilary came to the point. "I have come here to assume charge, Mr. Morris," he said. "Please let me see the map and the books."

Morris wiped his forehead with a handkerchief which he took from his desk. "That's—that's a sudden decision, Mr. Askew," he said, trying to smile.

Whetting The Appetite.—No. 1.

A Series of Ten Instructive Pictures



Glendale Jelly in Orange Baskets

4 oranges
½ box gelatine, or
2 tablespoonfuls granulated gelatine
1½ cups boiling water
1 cup sugar
3 tablespoonfuls lemon juice

Cut the fruit in halves crosswise; remove, with spoon, pulp and juice from sections, and strain thru a fine strainer or thru two thicknesses of cheesecloth. Use a glass lemon squeezer. Soak the gelatine fifteen to twenty minutes in cold water, and then dissolve in the one and one-half cups of boiling water. Strain and add to the sugar and fruit juice. Turn into a dish wet with cold water, and let stand in a cool place. When the gelatine begins to thicken, stir in the pulp of two oranges and two bananas cut into small pieces, and again let stand in cool place until the gelatine has set. Pile this orange jelly, cut into cubes, in orange baskets made in the following way—

ORANGE BASKETS.

Cut two pieces from each orange, leaving what remains in the shape of a basket with a handle. The two pieces should be cut on either side of the upper half of the orange, leaving a strip of orange skin about an inch in width thru the center. Scoop out the orange pulp, taking care not to break off the handle. Keep the baskets in ice water until time for serving. Then remove them from the water, dry them well with a clean cloth, and fill with orange jelly, as directed above.

"My decisions are always sudden. I have thought over it."

Morris laid one finger upon the edge of the desk. "Of course I know nothing of your affairs or circumstances, Mr. Askew," he said, with a tone of aggrievement, "but if you intend to take charge immediately, in this impulsive way, that means that I must step out. The concession is not a paying proposition, as you are probably aware, but your uncle was satisfied with my management. I have kept the expenses down to their lowest limit."

"I have not expressed dissatisfaction yet," answered Hilary. "Please let me see——"

"My suggestion," interrupted Morris, "is merely that you hold over your decision until we can go into the books together. Frankly, if I were you I should try to sell. There are probably purchasers, and we could get a good price if we worked the best forested tracts this winter and made a showing on the books. We might show a profit, tho of course it would leave the purchaser in the hole. It was my advice to your uncle, but he was a little obstinate about confessing to an error in judgment, Mr. Askew."

"Before I see the books," said Hilary, "I have a question to ask you. Are you not associated with the Ste. Marie Company?"

Morris wiped his forehead again. He hated directness as much as Lamartine. "I certainly am," he said, "but——"

"Another question. How do you reconcile that with your duties as manager of my concession?"

"Now, my dear sir," protested Morris, raising his finger, "if that is your grievance it is an unjustifiable one. There is nothing in my duties here incompatible with my having other interests. I am not a desk man, Mr. Askew, and I have never claimed to devote all my time and interest to a single concern. I have interests in Ontario also. I think you will find that I have not neglected my obligations to your late uncle. As for the Ste. Marie Company, the fact that it is adjacent makes it easy for me to devote a little time to it, so far as I can spare it from my duty here. The two companies are not in conflict, Mr. Askew. Quite the contrary. It's politic, it's necessary that we pull together, especially owing to the race feeling which antagonism would develop. And it's good business, too. What helps one helps the other."

"Quite so," said Hilary. "I don't dispute that you have had a right to engage in other interests. But how about their use of our mill?"

"At a sum, Mr. Askew, which makes quite a little showing on the credit side of our ledgers. We can't afford to throw money away, and our cuttings are not large enough for the one to interfere with the other."

"You mean the timber is bad?"

"D—n bad," said Morris. "Gummy fir, Mr. Askew. What little spruce there is I've been holding to make a show in case we decide to sell."

"That sounds plausible," said Hilary; and then he shot his bolt. "Why does the Ste. Marie Company wish to purchase this gummy fir of ours?" he asked.

Morris rose up, trembling with anger that was only half feigned.

"I see you have suspicions of my good faith, Mr. Askew," he said indignantly. "That is the only possible interpretation I can put upon your question."

"If you will answer it, we can interpret it together later."

"I am not prepared to answer it offhand. Many companies would like to get our property. The Ste. Marie Company may or may not have that intention. I should no more think of disclosing the Ste. Marie's plans to you than I should think of disclosing your plans to the Ste. Marie. I keep my interests distinct, and confidential, Mr. Askew."

"May I have the books and map of the seigniory limits and leased tracts, Mr. Morris?" asked Hilary.

"If you think my services are worthless I have no desire to retain my position here. I've cut expenses to the limit, and if you take hold, with your United States ideas, you'll be frozen out in six months."

Hilary rose, crossed to Morris' desk, and tapped the roll top. "I suppose you do not refuse to produce them?" he asked.

Morris took a key from his waistcoat pocket with fingers that could hardly find it. He inserted it after two failures snapped back the lock, and threw the top up, revealing the books heaped together, as if they had just been under examination. "Go thru them by all means, if you think you've been swindled," he cried. He flung another key on the desk. "This is the key to the office," he said. "The other desk contains my private papers."

"The map, Mr. Morris?"

"The seigniory is bounded on the west by the Rocky River. It is a straight concession of eighty-five thousand, five hundred odd arpents, with three sides approximately equal. It you want a map you'll have to go to the government. Mr. Lamartine has the legal documents."

"There must be a map," said Hilary quietly.

"It isn't drawn to scale. I'm not going to give you an unsealed map when you're so mightly particular that you'll be likely to jump on me for errors. You'll find a rough plan of the leases among those papers." He moved toward the door, laid his hand on the handle, cleared his throat and looked back.

"I have only to say that my yearly contract expires on October first," he said. "If you wish to renew it I shall expect adequate notice."

Hilary looked up from the books. "You may regard it as terminating on October first, then," he answered. "If you wish to renew it I shall let you know when I have looked into these."

This time Morris' anger was quite unfeigned. "You can accept my resignation now," he shouted. "Do you think I am the man to accept dismissal at the hands of a young American greenhorn like you? Why, I've thrown away thousands trying to develop this rotten proposition of your uncle's, out of friendship for him! Do you suppose I'd come up and live ten months in the year in this God-forsaken hole for your paltry five thousand dollars? I can clear that in a month in Ontario. And what do you think you're going to make out of the concession? You can't speak the language, you can't get along with the people, you know nothing of the Canadian lumber business. You'll be bankrupt inside of six months and glad to sell out for a song. That's all I have to say to you, except that I'm resigning and not discharged, and if you say I'm discharged I'll sue you for libel in the Quebec courts."

He opened the door, but Hilary called to him. "One moment, Mr. Morris," he said.

Morris turned and looked at him uncertainly. He regretted already the outburst of temper which had made his resignation all but irrevocable. He was ready to accept any extension of the olive branch.

"Take your cigars," said Hilary, opening the drawer and bringing out the box.

Mr. Morris turned purple, snorted, then snatched up the box and made his exit.

APPARENTLY he wished to convey the impression of a furious quarrel with a less humiliating ending, for Hilary heard him shouting angrily outside. Thru the window he saw Jean Baptiste come running up to him. There came, later, the confused sound of many voices in consultation. But Hilary turned his attention to the books.

The deficit for the half-year had been eight thousand dollars. That much Lamartine's papers had shown, and Hilary could find no fault with the statement. He understood now the meaning of such credit items as "lease of mill rights." He went quickly over the statements in the books. It was, of course, impossible to arrive at any discovery without experience of the practical working of the concession, and Hilary quickly realized that little was to be obtained by a prolonged scrutiny. There was, however, a considerable expenditure for provisions at the Ste. Marie Company's store, which he assumed to be the store on the property, in view of an item on the credit side for the lease of a building. There, at any rate, Morris' dishonesty was manifest. Hilary closed the books. He would discharge no man for insolence but he felt that Morris was entitled to no more than his salary until October.

Morris was playing too deep a game to trouble about the contract overmuch. He had suspected more strongly than Lamartine, after a brief interview with the notary soon after Hilary's visit, that the young American had gone to St. Boniface to probe into matters. He resolved to go to Ste. Marie and consult with Brousseau, who had advised moderation. He took the store rig and departed.

Hilary, having closed the desk, looked about the office. A door led into an extension of the two-story building. He found that the key to the outer door fitted this, and, opening it, entered a very comfortable little living-room, with a small kitchen at the back. A stairway at the back of the house, built on the outside, evidently led into the bedrooms. He decided to take over Morris' quarters for his personal use.

He had just returned into the office and put on his hat preparatory to leaving when there came a tap at the door. The frightened face of Jean-Marie Baptiste looked in.

"Monsieur Morris has gone away," he announced.

"Well?" inquired Hilary.

"He has raised hell," said the scaler.

"How's that?"

"Everybody is discharged—everybody what works for the St. Boniface Company. Only the Ste. Marie men stay. They are very angry. They say they could have got work on the shore for winter, but now too late maybe."

"Go and tell the hands nobody is discharged—yet," answered Hilary. "Can't you get it thru your head that I'm in charge here?"

"Ah, yes, Monsieur Askew. But, you see, Mr. Morris he pay the men their wages."

Hilary took him by the arm and led him to the door. About the office were gathered a little group of men with sullen faces, angrily discussing the situation.

"Call them here," said Hilary.

Jean-Marie called, and the men came forward. "Now tell them what I have told you," Hilary continued.

Jean-Marie's translation was met with a volley of interjections. The little timekeeper began half a dozen explanations and finally gave up in despair.

"They say it's Monsieur Brousseau's orders," he explained. "You see, Monsieur, we know now that the property is yours, but Monsieur Brousseau hires the mill hands. These are nearly all the mill workers. That is why it is hard for them; they don't want lumbering jobs."

"Tell them in future I shall hire the mill hands. Tell them it is my mill."

This was met with blank incredulity. Evidently Brousseau's lease of mill rights had passed for ownership.

"Anyway, say that their jobs are good for the coming year," announced Hilary, and wondered whether he dared hope to make good on that statement. "Where's Lafe Connell?" he added.

"Lafe, he is discharged too," answered Jean-Marie. "He go right away to catch the boat home, carrying his bag. See, Monsieur Askew!"

Hilary looked up. On the crest of

(Continued on Page 18.)

A Page for the Woman in the Home

VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

"IT WAS one of those bright, thawing spring days in a strange park," this story ran, "but between me and where I wanted to go, there was a long, even hill that stretched to the north and south as far as the eye could reach. It was so steep and overgrown with bramble that I couldn't climb it at all, and then, too, there were wild cats and bears far up. Yet, on its long, rounded top, I could see picnickers. Presently I saw a little hut-door close in the side of it. Thinking perhaps the keeper of the park lived here, I examined the name on the door. It read, 'La veuve Vie.'

"'La veuve Vie!' thought I, astonished. 'That is French for 'the widow Life.' I risked a knock at the door.

"A regular fat, old witch of a woman answered it. But she did not understand English. When I addressed her in French, however, her old eyes beamed with delight. I had asked her how I could get to the other side of the hill. 'Oui, oui—oui, oui,' she cried, nodding violently and grinning. She came out and saying she would show me, she caught hold of my arm heavily and led me off in a direction exactly away from the hill. Several times I tried to free myself from her heavy leaning, but each time she would hug my arm tightly to her. Suddenly I saw my husband approaching. Delightedly, I called to him, and as he came, he took my free arm.

"'Dear,' I said 'hold me tighter than this woman here. I'm so afraid she'll take me away from you. She's holding my arm so tightly. You hold my other one more tightly and she won't be able to pull me away from you. I'm trying to get to the other side of that hill.'

"So, I walked between the two, each pulling me against the other. And I kept whispering to my husband, 'Hold tighter! Hold tighter!'

"We hadn't progressed far from the long hill when I discovered sailing above us in the sparkling blue sky a lovely and glittering peacock. It seemed the most marvelous thing I ever saw as it came zigzagging down toward us with its gorgeous tail spread and trailing. With one sweep of my two arms I threw off my two companions.

"'Look!' I cried to la veuve Vie. 'That beautiful bird in the sky!' But again realizing she did not understand English, I started to repeat it in French, but ended in throwing my arms theatrically toward the bird and singing to it in French with all my heart and voice. 'Charmante ouisseau,' I sang. 'Thou Charming Bird,' from the opera 'Pearl of Brazil.' But as it descended I found it was better than a bird—this creature—for it was a beautiful woman, with glistening black hair piled high, and a glittering gown on with a gorgeous train—the whole embroidered in seed emeralds and rubies, sapphires and seed amethysts, and here and there a diamond trembled for a dewdrop. She manipulated the train with her dainty feet as she sauntered down thru the air toward us. I noticed how the sun sparkled in her patent leather slippers.

"She alighted among us. 'I'll show you how to get over the hill,' she said to me. Then she made several passes with her expensively shod feet, rose a bit into the air, came down, looked at me, rose again and sailed circlingly over the hill and back, while we watched in wonder. I tried the passes with my feet, felt myself rising—and—in an ecstacy of triumph, followed her."

Rather a long dream to use as an example of the new dream theories we are all hearing about. The old almanac, you, know, would say "Dream of embroidery, happiness is in store for you; dream of bears, unhappiness." But now, the world's greatest doctors for mental or nervous diseases aver that what we dream indicates what lies hidden away in our minds. Of course, there are so many things to be taken into consideration in dreaming, such as the mind's substituting one object for another, that it takes one who has studied it a young lifetime, to be able to interpret a dream—and then he must know the one who dreams the dream quite intimately.

But, all in all, things we desire fervently but have not attained, we attain in the "Dream World." Also, things that we fear will happen, often happen

(Continued on Page 13.)

AN IDEA FOR SUNDAY'S THREE MEALS

BREAKFAST.

Huckleberries.
Cereal and Top Milk
Green Corn Oysters
Toast Coffee or Milk

DINNER.

Cold Lamb
Candied Sweet Potatoes
String Beans
Rice Pudding

SUPPER.

Macaroni with Tomato Sauce
Bread and Butter
Canned Fruit Cookies

Green Corn Oysters.

To one pint of corn cut off the cob, add two well beaten eggs, half a cupful of sweet cream, half a cupful of flour, in which is well stirred half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Season with pepper and salt, fry in butter, dropping the batter in tablespoonfuls in the hot frying pan. Serve a few at a time, very hot.

Macaroni With Tomato Sauce.

¾ cup macaroni
2 qts. boiling water
1 tablespoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1½ cup tomato juice
1 slice onion
2 slices green pepper

Cook the macaroni in the boiling salted water for twenty minutes, drain and blanch. Brown the butter, add the flour and seasoning. Cook the tomato juice with slice of onion and green pepper, strain into cooked butter and flour slowly. Cook until smooth and thick and pour over the macaroni.

Candied Sweet Potatoes

6 sweet potatoes
1 cup white sugar
¼ cup water
1 teaspoon butter

Parboil, peel and cut the potatoes in quarter-inch slices. Cook the other ingredients to form a syrup. Place the slices of potato in the syrup and simmer gently for an hour, then let the syrup boil away until it is almost dry.

DOMESTIC HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

WITH RICE AND MEAT

RICE and meat together form an excellent combination, and if such a dish is accompanied by a salad or fresh fruit it forms a complete meal. There are delicious ways of combining these two foods. Some that would prove suitable for the main dish of dinner are given here.

Turkish Pilaf.

3 cups rice.
1½ cup tomatoes.
1 onion.
1½ cups water.
2 cups cooked meat, chopped.

Mix rice with tomatoes and onion chopped fine and water, place alternate layers of this mixture and of chopped meat in baking dish, cover with bread crumbs and bake until brown in a moderate oven.

Rice and Meat.

Place in a double kettle a cup and one-half of new milk, teaspoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful salt and let it come to a boil. Add a cup of well washed rice, cover and boil half an hour. Remove the cover and add a teacupful of chicken picked from the bones or of veal cut in small pieces, cover and cook again twenty minutes and serve hot.

Meat Croquettes.

2 cups chopped meat, beef, pork, fish or fowl.

3 cups boiled rice or bread crumbs.

2 cups thick white sauce or brown gravy.

Leftover meats and gravy may be used for this dish. Make white sauce. Mix thoroly together. Form into round or oblong balls, bake in oven until brown on outside or brown on both sides in hot greased pan. Serve as meat balls.

Stuffed Steak.

One pound round steak, 2 cups boiled rice, salt, 2 tablespoonfuls chopped parsley. 1 teaspoonful onion juice, paprika. Blend the rice with the seasoning. Pound the steak until thin. Spread the steak with a layer of the rice stuffing about three-fourths of an inch thick. Roll and tie in shape, or fasten with skewers. Put in a covered pan with enough water to keep from burning and cook in the oven for 30 minutes. Take off the cover and brown before removing from the oven. Thicken the stock left in the pan for gravy.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

DON'TS FOR THE FLAPPER

IF YOU bob your hair, don't fluff it up with a comb in public. You know what you would think of a man who combed his hair in the intermissions of a dance or between the acts of a play.

If you dispense with ordinary hose supporters, be sure that the method you have adopted instead is quite satisfactory. A staid professor testifies to the fact that while the fair co-ed was loath once to retie a shoe in classroom, she now scotches her stockings under his very nose, but seemingly it bores him more than it shocks.

Continue to wear very short skirts if you like, but don't fancy that they are still in fashion. They may be part of a costume that you have adopted, when it was still a novelty. Remember the skirt that reaches the ankle is now smarter.

Remember that the pendulum keeps swinging. If the taste is now for the girl who does not blush, who is frank and unabashed, straightforward to the point of bluntness in her conversation with men, remember that fashions change and that demureness and all the mannerisms of feminine modesty may before long be the fashion. Don't become so bound up in the present flapper manner that you cannot change when it has become passe.

What Readers Ask.

"I am a girl of 17, and my mother thinks I am too young to go to dances with any boys but my own brothers. They are willing to take me, but after we have arrived at the dance, they spend all their time with other girls. Isn't this bad form? If a young man takes any girl, even his own sister, to a dance, shouldn't he dance at least four or five times with her?"

Yes, indeed, by all means.

What Your Name Signifies

Facts about its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

CLAUDIA

ONE of the popular names of modern times with a certain aristocratic class is Claudia, meaning famed. The name has a distinguished origin and is fitted to grace the most queenly. It comes from the Claudian gens of Rome, and going still further back, is derived from the Greek word meaning famed.

Tho the Claudii were a family of evil fame who figure in most of Rome's tragedies, there is no denying their imperious will and attainments. The reign of Emperor Claudius gave his name vogue in both the masculine and feminine form.

The first Claudia known was one who sends her greetings to St. Timothy in St. Paul's Epistle. She is believed to have been the daughter of a British prince and the wife of Prudens. The epigrams of Martial speak of a lady of the name of Claudia as British, and thus Claudia is marked by two very dissimilar authorities as one of the first British Christians.

Claudia is popular in France. Louis XII., who gave both his daughters masculine names, called the eldest Claude, and when she was the wife of Francois I., la Reine Claude plums were so termed in her honor. Her daughter carried the name Claude into the House of Lorraine. From there it passed into Switzerland, where it became Claudine. The Italians immediately adopted it and termed it Claudia. France clings to Claude, Claudine, and Claudie.

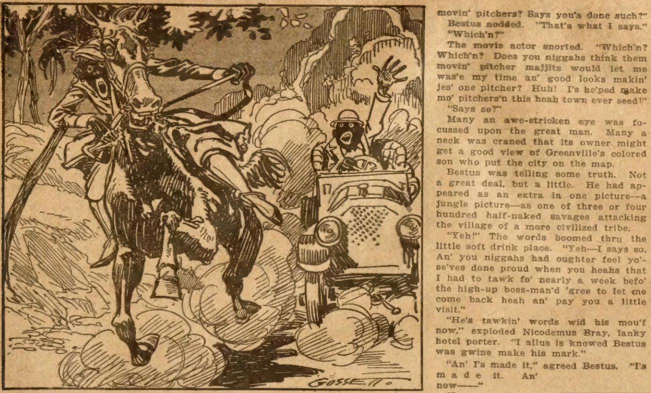
Claudia's talismanic jewel is the cat's-eye, which is surrounded by more superstitions and legends than almost any other stone. It is used by the natives of Ceylon, where most cat'-eyes are found, as a charm against evil spirits and it has the same value to the people of India. It becomes almost a hypnotic stone to some people and is said to provide its wearer with unfailing magnetism and attraction. But to dream of a cat's-eye signifies treachery. Claudia's lucky day is Thursday and 6 is said to be her mystic number.

Next Week: RACHEL, Watch for It.

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on pages 2, 6, 12, 13 and 26

Hero, Shero and Villyun

By Artemus Calloway



A Moment Later the Little Machine Was Coughing Down the Road in Pursuit of the Shero and Her Steed.

BESTUS CURRY arrived back from were he had been at. One of the places visited by Bestus during his ramblings was Los Angeles—another was Chicago—another St. Louis. And many others. The place he returned to was Greenville, Alabama.

No one knew in advance of Bestus Curry's intended return to his old stamping grounds. There was no band to play sweet notes of welcome when he stepped off the train, no committee of his dusky brethren to clasp him to his bosom.

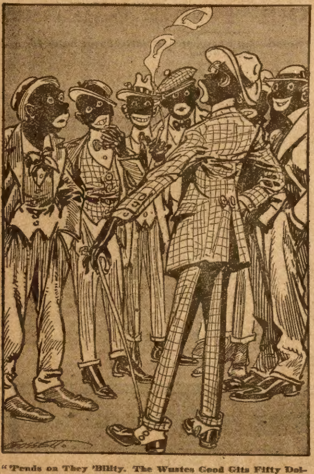
But within three hours after his feet landed on Greenville soil that little city's colored citizens awoke to the fact that Bestus had come home.

The saddle-colored, slender negro needed no press agent. He was an excellent one all by himself. And his clothes helped. A rakish panama topped his lop-sided head, heavy-rimmed glasses shaded pop-eyes. His crane-like neck was completely hidden by a glistening and spotlessly white collar; a shirt of brilliant stripes adorned his body; the tie which nestled against the shirt was a vast improvement over the brightest rainbow. Light cream colored coat and trousers with hose of startling hue, assisted by shoes of deep orange shrieked to the world that Mistuh Curry was muchly dressed up. A slender cane and several not-quite diamonds insinuated that he possessed a large quantity of taste. Bestus was, indeed, something to gaze upon.

A crowd gathered around him at The Icicle Soft Drink Parlor and gasped as his initiatory words cascaded from his lips.

"You Greenville niggahs ain't knowed nothin' when I lef' fum heah," proclaimed the slender one, "an' you ain't learnt yo'self nothin' till yet!"

A murmur swept thru the throng. "Heah him tawk!" "Bestus sho' is done hisse'f proud." "Dat niggah is picked up knowledge fum de knowledge fac-t'ry."



"'Pends on They 'Bility. The Wustes Good Gits Fifty Dollars a Week—an' 'Spenses. The Bestes Good Gits Up to Two Hund'd or Mo' Dollars a Week."

"I——" Bestus waved his right hand. "I is been out in the worl' an' I is seed sights wid the eyes which the Lawd is done gave me to see wid!"

"Heah him! Heah him, Lawd!" croaked an old stoop-shouldered drayman.

Bestus glanced idly about him. "You niggahs goes to see the movin' pitchers? I reckons this little one-hawss town is got a pitcher show?"

"Yeh! Us sees 'em right frequent."

"An' ——" Besttus let his words come slowly so that they might have full effect, "You is been gwine to see them pitchers, an' you ain't never knowed that the onliest cullud man in Greenville which has ever made hisse'f famous is been he'pin' make 'em?"

"Goshamighty!" gasped Vandal Forbs, the bow-legged barber. "Says you's been he'pin' make them movin' pitchers? Says you's done such?"

Bestus nodded. "That's what I says."

"Which'n?"

The movie actor snorted. "Which'n? Which'n? Does you niggahs think them movin' pitcher majjits would let me was'e my time an' good looks makin' jes' one pitcher? Huh! I's he'ped make mo' pitchers'n this heah town ever seed!"

"Says so?"

Many an awe-stricken eye was focussed upon the great man. Many a neck was craned that its owner might get a good view of Greenville's colored son who put the city on the map.

Bestus was telling some truth. Not a great deal, but a little. He had appeared as an extra in one picture—a jungle picture—as one of three or four hundred half-naked savages attacking the village of a more civilized tribe.

"Yeh!" The words boomed thru the little soft drink place. "Yeh—I says so. An' you niggahs had oughter feel yo'se'ves done proud when you heahs that I had to tawk fo' nearly a week befo' the high-up boss-man'd 'gree to let me come back heah an' pay you a little visit."

"He's tawkin' words wid his mou'f now," exploded Nicodemus Bray, lanky hotel porter. "I allus is knowed Bestus was gwine make his mark."

"An' I's made it," agreed Bestus. "I's made it. An' now——"

He paused impressively. "I's comed back heah to make Greenville's mahk!"

Vandal Forbs eased nearer. "How so?"

"I had a hahd time gittin' off," explained Bestus for the second time. "An' when the boss-man fin'ly 'greed that I could come, he done so under one corndition. An' that was this: They is gwine put on a comp'ny which makes only cullud pitchers wid cullud actors an' actrusses——"

A gasp from the crowd. "Us ain't nevah seed no pitchers wid only cullud fo'ks in 'em. Co'se they's been one sometimes which had a cullud pusson in it——"

"Tha's jes' only 'cause you ain't nevah been nowhere an' ain't seed yo'se'f nothin'! An' as I was sayin', me an' that boss-man us made 'rangements. Them 'rangements is——"

He lowered his voice. "They ain't 'nough cullud actors fo' all the cullud pitchers which they is gwine make, so I is came heah to Greenville to get them some!"

He waited to let his words sink in. They sank. "Tell us 'bout it—Bestus."

"It's thisaway. They needs cullud actors an' also actrusses. But they has to be trained. Me——"

He flicked a speck of dust from his sleeve. "I does the trainin'!"

The audience reeled. The full significance of Bestus' remark couldn't be grasped in one instant. It required several. Bestus was a wise man. He gave them the several instances before proceeding. Then——

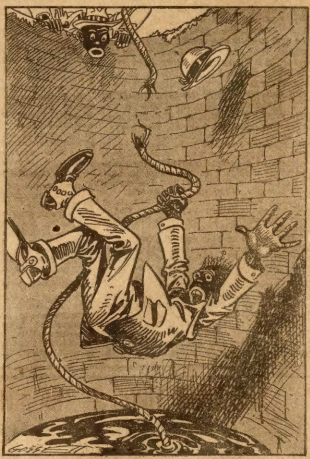
"I is got my instrimint fo' the takin' of movin' pitchers wid me. An' I takes. Also direc's. Them which desiahs to enroll theyse'es in my trainin' class kin do so fo' the fee of $10 per each week fo' two weeks, pervidin' I gits me a class of twenty-five ladies an' gen'mun. The fus' week us trains—the nex' us makes pitchers. Them which is good in the pitchers gits theyse'ves jobs. Them which ain't good gits back the money which is gwine be paid in 'vance to the fus' of each week. This money is gwine be paid to Rev'und Hezikiah Cain, pasture of the Golden San' Church o' Zion, to be hel' in trus' to see that I does my paht an' is gwine be paid me when the class is ready to go an' I shows him 'thority fum the company fo' same. That 'shores ev'thing bein' straight. Then, when the fus' class is on its way to the stujo I stahts another one, only the fees fo' that'n is gwine be $25 a week."

"How much them actors an' actresses gits paid?" some one asked.

Bestus smiled. He liked this sort of question. "'Pends on they 'bility. The wustes good gits $50 a week—an' 'spenses. The bestes' good gits up to two hund'd or mo' dollars a week."

The room was silent. Bestus was talking about big money. Yet it didn't seem impossible. Every person there had heard of fabulous sums to be made by going away off somewhere. Many had dreamed of the land of milk and honey. All had seen an occasional negro in a moving picture. And Bestus certainly seemed prosperous. . . . With Rev'und Hezikiah Cain holding the funds in trust the thing must be straight. Rev'und Cain was honest. . . .

Bestus knew that he had them. "I stahts makin' up the class tomorrow mawnin'. Trainin' commences to begin soon as the class is complete."



With a Powerful Splash and a Heartrending Grunt He Landed in Twelve Inches of Water and Two Feet of Mud.

The news of Bestus' homecoming traveled fast. Even faster than did Bestus. It reached the ears of two people even before sight of Bestus was enjoyed by their eyes. The first of these was Muscadine Hall, a yellow girl upon whom Bestus' eyes had rested long and lovingly before he left Greenville. The other was Incense Gandy, the gawky, dark, slow-thinking proprietor of The Sharp Crease Pressing Club. And Incense did not smile when he heard the news. There was a reason. Muscadine Hall was it. For some time past Muscadine had given Incense reason to believe that he was the one man for whom she cared. But Incense remembered that Muscadine hadn't disliked Bestus. And now Bestus was back. And Bestus prosperous—Bestus an actor and trainer of actors—was something to be reckoned with.

"I been hopin'," muttered Incense, "dat de jail house done caught up wid dat niggah befo' dis, but I ain't nevah had no luck."

This belief was impressed more fully upon his brain when late that afternoon Bestus and Muscadine strolled thru that portion of Greenville most thickly inhabited by negroes and known for more than fifty years as Freedman's Town. They passed Incense's shop without appearing to see it. Incense watched them with burning eyes until they disappeared around the old cedar factory, long since abandoned, and then grabbed a hot iron and proceeded to burn a hole in a customer's coat.

Incense was in no better frame of mind when Bestus entered his shop two hours later. He was rather surprised that the movie man should come there. And more surprised at his first words:

"I is decided, Mistuh Gandy, that I wants you to be sho' an' j'ine my movin' pitcher actor an' actruss class."

Incense sniffed. "I ain't gwine make no monkey out'n myse'f."

Bestus grinned. "No man kin improve on what the Lawd is finished. But that ain't what I's meanin'. I needs you in the class an' you needs the class. Fifty or seventy-five dollars a week is a heap mo'n you's gwine make pressin' pants in Greenville——"

"Or anywhere," snapped Incense. "I ain't no fool. An' also——"

His eyes caught and held Bestus'. "I ain't hankerin' to have no dealin's wid you an' yo' class, Mistuh Curry?"

"No?" Bestus twirled his cane. "How come?"

Incense frowned. "You is payin' too much 'tention to a suttin' lady an'——"

Bestus shook his head sorrowfully. "Lis'en at 'im! Jes' lis'en at 'im. Jumpin' at corncluslons jes' like he allus is done. Now lemme tell you sumthin'——"

Bestus stepped nearer. "I ain't got no 'oman on the brain. I is a bus'ness man an' the onliest thing I is got time fo' is bus'ness. I is jes' only been walkin' 'roun' wid that gal 'cause she is gwine jine the class——"

Incense's face went ashen. "She gwine jine?"

Bestus nodded. "She ain't is gwine jine. She already is. So if'n you wants to be in the swim wid her you better git yo' bathin' suit. What says?"

Incense did some rapid thinking. He wasn't exactly keen about being an actor, but if Muscadine was going to be in that class he wanted to be in position to keep an eye on her—and the other on Bestus. "I jines," said he.

Twenty-six others did the same thing before actual training commenced three days later. The actor-director demurred slightly at accepting more than twenty-five, but finally appeared to be over-persuaded.

The training class opened in an old field about a mile below Greenville just off the Greenville-Georgiana road. Long since abandoned, the ground had grown up with old field pines and scrub oak. There was a vacant house handy in event of rain—and for interiors—an excellent arrangement.

Mistuh Curry called his company about him. "What us is gwine train fo'," he announced, "is one of them Wil' Wes' pitchers fo' cullud people. They ain't never befo' been one o' them kind an' us is gwine make us a hit. They is gwine be all kin's o' stunts. The shero is gwine ride a haws—the villyun is gwine pursue a'ter her in a automobile. But that paht us don' have to train fo'. That comes only when the pitcher is made. Y'all——"

The sweep of his arm included the crowd. "Y'all 'ceptin' Miss Muscadine, go up to the house an' set 'roun'. Bein's Miss Muscadine is the leadin' lady an' has the mos' intrustin' paht, I trains her fus'."

"Who gwine be de leadin' man?" demanded Incense.

Bestus patted his striped shirt. "Me—I gwine be him."

"Who gwine make de pitcher?"

Bestus smiled a pitying sort of a smile. "The phat which I is gwine be in is gwine be made by one of my 'sistants who is gwine be heah in time fo' that. I bein' the leadin' man I don' have much to do—an' I does that at the ve'y las'. Does you git me?"

"Reckon so."

Bestus smiled mockingly. "I's glad you does. Now—y'all git!"

They got. And from his seat on the steps of the dilapidated house Incense watched and swore many oaths. He saw Bestus hold Muscadine in his arms. He saw Bastus throw himself at the lady's feet. He saw the director rise and again place his arms about the leading lady.

This was too much. Incense arrived pantingly on the scene. He grabbed Bestus' arm:

"You says you don' come in the pitcher ontil the las'——"

"I don'."

"Why you is got to be huggin' her the fus' thing?"

Bestus frowned. "You ain't onderstandin'——"

"Reckon you is gwine onderstan' if'n you keeps up dis——"

"You is makin' a fool out'n yo'se'f, Incense!" snapped the lady.

"Ain't. You's doin' dat."

Bestus raised a hand indicating his desire for silence. He didn't want Muscadine and Incense to come to an open rupture—not just yet.

"What you don' onderstan', Mistuh Gandy, is this. What I is been doin' to Miss Muscadine is what the villyun is gwine do. I is practicin' her so she is gwine know what to do when he do what he is gwine do."

Incense scratched his head. "You is been doin' what de villyun gwine do?"

"Yeh."

"Who he is gwine be?"

And Bestus smiled. "The villyun is gwine be you!"

It required more than several seconds for the full significance of this remark to fasten its roots in Incense's brain. Then he grinned: "Now, that's mo' like. Go on an' teach her. An' teach her good!"

Bestus taught her. And despite the fact that he realized it was all in a good cause, there were occasions when the blood of Incense became overly heated. Bestus was too thoro. Incense preferred that something be left to his own imagination—his ingenuity. Or at least, he wondered, at times, if it wouldn't be just as well for Bestus to tell him what to do instead of showing Muscadine how he was going to do it.

Another worry was that Bestus didn't seem to realize that the other members of the company required training. Muscadine was receiving more than her stare. Occasionally, when the goaded Incense could no longer smother his feelings and they became warmly apparent in carefully chosen and extremely effective words, Bestus relinquished his grasp on the leading lady sufficiently long to issue a few sentences of general instruction, usually finding that this, to some extent at least, calmed the ruffled feelings of the villyun.

Finally the glad day—the day for which Incense had been waiting—made its appearance. He trotted forward at Bestus' command, ready to act the part of the villyun as demonstrated by the directing hero.

Incense struck a pose. "Git ready, Shero! De villyun is gwine grab you in his ahms."

Bestus waived him aside. "That paht comes mo' later. Fus' you does sumthin' else besides."

Incense choked. "You—you ain't done nothin' else besides!"

Bestus sniffed his disdain of such stupidity. "What I is been doin' so far as yo' paht is concerned is showin' Miss Muscadine what she mus' do when you does what you is gwine do. The fus' thing you does, she ain't got nothin' to do wid it, so they wa'nt no use fo' me to show her."

"What the fus' thing I does is?"

Bestus indicated an old well at the rear of the abandoned house. "You goes down in that well."

"Huh?"

"You goes down in that well."

"How come I goes down in that well?"

Bestus smiled. "You does that to fin' the buried treasure what you is got notions you is gwine fin' down there."

Incense shook his head. "If'n you thinks I's fool 'nough to think they is buried treasures in that ol' well——"

The movie director interrupted. "Co'se they ain't nothin' in the well—'ceptin' mud an' water. Us jes' only makes out they is."

The villyun gazed thoughtfully at the well. "Exposin' then—us jes' makes out like that I goes down in it."

This was too much for the artistic temperament of the actor-director. "You tawks like a fool. What you does is gwine be in the pitcher. An' they ain't gwine be no make-like in this heah pitcher."

This was a trifle too much for Incense. "But you says us is jes' gwine make like the treasure is down there——"

Bestus glanced at the leading lady and sighed hopelessly. The leading lady shook her head—still more hopelessly. Broad grins covered the faces of the other members of the company—grins of anticipation. They were extremely interested in seeing some one—provided that some one was some one else—enter the old well. The idea held great possibilities for excitement.

The director turned again to the villyun. "I knows what I said an' I is yit sayin' it. Us ain't doin' nothin' now only practicin'. When us commences to begin takin' the pitcher they is gwine be a box in the well an' the treasure is exposed to be in that box. They won't be no box in there the fus' time you practices. You might git huht if'n they is a box befo' you learns how to fall good."

"Befo' I learns how to fall good?"

"Yeh. When you gits the treasure an' comes to the top of the well, Muscadine is gwine run up an' push you back."

"Muscadine is gwine——"

"Push you back."

"Dat's sumthin' you an' her jes' thinks she is gwine do! Dat well is thutty feet deep."

Bestus raised bejeweled hands in disgust. "When she do that they is gwine be a little platfawn in the well an' you is jes' only gwine drap on that."

Incense appeared relieved. "An' 'taint gwine huht?"

"In co'se not. You is jes' only gwine drap a few feet."

Incense nodded. "If'n 'taint gwine huht——"

HEADED by the director and the leading lady, and tailed by the villyun, the company made its way to the well. There a rope was fastened to the curbing and Incense commanded to climb down the rope to the well's bottom.

He started. And he got almost there—via the rope. It parted and he went the remainder of the way under his own power. With a powerful splash and a heart-rending grunt he landed in twelve inches of water and two feet of mud.

Much language issued from the villyun's lips. Words intended to remove the hide from the movie director's frame floated upward. The leading lady yelled for Incense to be "'shamed o' hisse'f, tawkin' 'bout a nice gen'mun like dat!" The director fidgeted uneasily. His students—with the sole exception of the leading lady—roared their delight.

Another rope was dropped to the mud-soaked villyun. He fastened this to the old one and clambered out. He was still spouting language when he reached the surface.

Bestus held up a hand. "Remember, Mistuh Gandy, they is ladies present."

"I's rememberin' dat you is done drapped me in dat well. An' I's gwine knock yo' monkey face plumb off'n yo' haid——"

Muscadine thrust herself between the two men. "If'n you gen'muns is gwine fight, I ain't gwine have nothin' to do wid de all two bofe of you. An' also an' besides, Mistuh Gandy, if'n you keeps on tawkin' like you is tawkin' I ain't gwine speak to you no mo'!"

Mistuh Grandy subsided. He promised to endeavor to control himself. It was only with great effort that he gained his consent to remain in the company. But he remembered—if he quit it meant the surrender of Muscadine to Bestus—and he wasn't going to give up without a hard fight.

Finally the platform was placed in the well, the buried treasure placed on that and Incense dropped over after it. With the box hugged tightly to his body he was pulled up. He dropped the treasure on the ground and prepared to climb over the curb after it. And then Muscadine rushed forward, slapped him across the face and shoved——

With a yell Incense shot downward. In his mind he fell a thousand feet. He knew that every bone would be broken when he reached the bottom. And then he landed—on the platform.

He came up this time fighting mad. Blood streaked his face where the leading lady's nails landed. He strode forward: "What you means, slappin' an' scratchin' me lik'n to dat? Little mo'n I'd a been kilt!"

Mistuh Curry endeavored to calm the troubled waters. "That's all in the pitcher, Mistuh Gandy. The shero in the pitcher is foun' out that the villyun is 'bout to git the treasure which her pa is put in the well an' she is came to pervent it. Nex' time——"

"They ain't gwine be no nex' time," snorted Incense. "I ain't noticed dat she is ever hit an' scratched you."

"That's diffrunt."

"You done said it! A lot diffrunt. I ain't——"

"When I was showin' her what you was gwine do they wa'nt no use fo' her to do nothin' lik'n that to me bein's I ain't the reel villyun. I'se the hero——"

"An' you's gwine be de corpse, if'n——"

But Muscadine desired peace and quiet. She obtained it—by creating so much noise that the others couldn't be heard. When she subsided Mistuh Gandy was ready to proceed with practice. He was beginning to realize that this was an occasion requiring diplomacy in large quantities.

When time came for Incense to take the shero in his arms she came near closing his left eye. Then and there diplomacy became extremely shaky.

"It's all in the pitcher," Mistuh Curry assured the villyun. "We's got to make this pitcher so it sho' 'nough looks like she don' like you."

"Says you is?"

"Yeh. It mus' be convincin' so——"

The villyun groaned. "Needn't worry none 'bout dat. I's almos' convinced myownse'f!"

But Incense was game. He took his punishment like a man—sometimes. He was going to stick the thing out. He knew that once he left the company Bestus would have things his own way. The director seemed to be in that position now, but there was always the chance that Incense's opportunity might come. He'd stick. . . . Somehow he was beginning to lose what little faith he had possessed in the proposition in the beginning. Things seemed a trifle overdone. . . . Plunging him in the well. . . . Making him appear ridiculous. . . . Well, if there was any-

(Concluded on Page 21.)

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More Chapters of Gentile Love Amid Mormon Plotting of 1871.

Riders of the Purple Sage

By Zane Grey

This Was Told in Last Week's Installment

Jane did not regret that she had taken little Fay Larkin and her mother, to her home. The child's laughter and prattle made her happy, and for the time forget her troubles in managing a great ranch. Up to the coming of the child Lassiter, on his part, had kept mostly to the sage. Fay, however, captured Lassiter the moment he first laid his eyes on her. Then the Mormon-hater's visits to the house became more frequent, and almost daily he was romping with the child—a Mormon child! Nor was Jane barred from these small pleasures, and at times she was really girlish in her actions and promptings. Beneath it all, however, was her great hope that the dreaded gunman might be weaned from his wicked guns.

BISHOP DYER'S appearance at Cottonwoods house was unexpected. He called to demand that Jane give the Larkin child a Mormon bringing up. Jane refused to obey. And why was this Lassiter, this Mormon-slayer, in her employ? What was his mission here? Jane told him—"to find the man who persuaded Milly Erne to abandon her home and husband—and her God!"

A shot rang out and Jane fainted. When she came to her head was in Lassiter's lap. "Just winged the fat party," said he, "and he moved out of my vicinity." Lassiter then explained that Milly Erne was his sister.

BLAKE, one of the deserting riders, returned and asked Jane for his old job; also intimated that the worst was to come—for Jane. Even at that moment all of her horses, save her thorobreds, had been driven off by rustlers, and the white herd might be her next loss.

This story began in No. 26, the Ledger for July 1. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XIII.

SOLITUDE AND STORM.

IN HIS hidden valley Venters awakened from sleep, and his ears rang with innumerable melodies from full-throated mocking-birds, and his eyes opened wide upon the glorious golden shaft of sunlight shining thru the great stone bridge. The circle of cliffs surrounding Surprise Valley lay shrouded in morning mist, a dim blue low down along the terraces, a creamy, moving cloud along the ramparts. The oak forest in the center was a plumed and tufted oval of gold.

He saw Bess under the spruces. Upon her complete recovery of strength she always rose with the dawn. At the moment she was feeding the quail she had tamed. And she had begun to tame the mocking-birds. They fluttered among the branches overhead, and some left off their songs to flit down and shyly hop near the twittering quail. Little gray and white rabbits crouched in the grass, now nibbling, now laying long ears flat and watching the dogs.

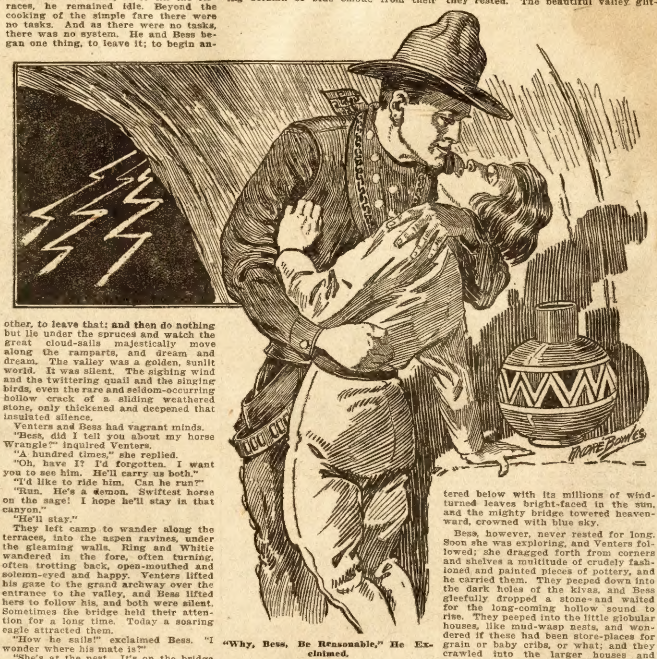
Venters' swift glance took in the brightening valley, and Bess and her pets, and Ring and Whitie. It swept over all to return again and rest upon the girl. She had changed. To the dark trousers and blouse she had added moccasins of her own make, but she no longer resembled a boy. No eye could have failed to mark the rounded contour of a woman. The change had been to grace and beauty. A glint of warm gold gleamed from her hair, and a tint of red shone in the clear dark-brown of her cheeks. The haunting sweetness of her lips and eyes, that earlier had been illusive, a promise, had become a living fact. She fitted harmoniously into that wonderful setting; she was like Surprise Valley—wild and beautiful.

Venters leaped out of his cave to begin the day.

He had postponed his journey to Cottonwoods until after the passing of the summer rains. The rains were due soon. But until their arrival and the necessity for his trip to the village, he sequestered in a far corner of mind all thought of peril, of his past life, and almost that of the present. It was enough to live. He did not want to know what lay hidden in the dim and distant future. Surprise Valley had enchanted him. In this home of the cliff-dwellers there was peace and quiet and solitude, and another thing, wondrous as the golden morning shaft of sunlight, that he dared not ponder over long enough to understand.

The solitude he had hated when alone he had now come to love. He was assimilating something from this valley of gleams and shadows. From this strange girl he was assimilating more.

The day at hand resembled many days gone before. As Venters had no tools with which to build, or to till the terraces, he remained idle. Beyond the cooking of the simple fare there were no tasks. And as there were no tasks, there was no system. He and Bess began one thing, to leave it; to begin another, to leave that; and then do nothing but lie under the spruces and watch the great cloud-sails majestically move along the ramparts, and dream and dream. The valley was a golden, sunlit world. It was silent. The sighing wind and the twittering quail and the singing birds, even the rare and seldom-occurring hollow crack of a sliding weathered stone, only thickened and deepened that insulated silence.



"Why, Bess, Be Reasonable," He Exclaimed.

Venters and Bess had vagrant minds.

"Bess, did I tell you about my horse Wrangle?" inquired Venters.

"A hundred times," she replied.

"Oh, have I? I'd forgotten. I want you to see him. He'll carry us both."

"I'd like to ride him. Can he run?"

"Run. He's a demon. Swiftest horse on the sage! I hope he'll stay in that canyon."

"He'll stay."

They left camp to wander along the terraces, into the aspen ravines, under the gleaming walls. Ring and Whitie wandered in the fore, often turning, often trotting back, open-mouthed and solemn-eyed and happy. Venters lifted his gaze to the grand archway over the entrance to the valley, and Bess lifted hers to follow his, and both were silent. Sometimes the bridge held their attention for a long time. Today a soaring eagle attracted them.

"How he sails!" exclaimed Bess. "I wonder where his mate is?"

"She's at the nest. It's on the bridge in a crack near the top. I see her often. She's almost white."

They wandered on down the terrace, into the shady, sun-flecked forest. A brown bird fluttered crying from a bush. Bess peeped into the leaves.

"Look! A nest and four little birds. They're not afraid of us. See how they open their mouths. They're hungry."

Rabbits rustled the dead brush and pattered away. The forest was full of a drowsy hum of insects. Little darts of purple, that were, running quail, crossed the glades. And a plaintive, sweet peeping came from the coverts. Bess' soft step disturbed a sleeping lizard that scampered away over the leaves. She gave chase and caught it, a slim creature of nameless color, but of exquisite beauty.

"Jewel-eyes," she said. "It's like a rabbit—afraid. We won't eat you. There—go."

Murmuring water drew their steps down into a shallow, shaded ravine where a brown brook brawled softly over mossy stones. Multitudes of strange, gray frogs with white spots and black eyes lined the rocky bank and leaped only at close approach. Then Venters' eye descried a very thin, very long green snake coiled round a sapling. They drew closer and closer till they could have touched it. The snake had no fear and watched them with scintillating eyes.

"It's pretty," said Bess. "How tame! I thought snakes always ran."

"No. Even the rabbits didn't run here till the dogs chased them."

On and on they wandered to the wild jumble of massed and broken fragments of cliff at the west end of the valley. The roar of the disappearing stream dinned in their ears. Into this maze of rocks they threaded a tortuous way, climbing, descending, halting to gather wild plums and great lavender lilies, and going on at the will of fancy. Idle and keen perceptions guided them equally.

"Oh, let us climb there!" cried Bess, pointing upward to a small space of terrace left green and shady between huge abutments of broken cliff. And they climbed to the nook and rested and looked out across the valley to the curling column of blue smoke from their camp fire. But the cool shade and the rich grass and the fine view were not what they had climbed for. They could not have told, altho whatever had drawn them was all-satisfying. Light, surefooted as a mountain goat, Bess pattered down at Venters' heels; and they went on, calling the dogs, eyes dreamy and wide, listening to the wind and the bees and the crickets and the birds.

Part of the time Ring and Whitie led the way, then Venters, then Bess; and the direction was not an object. They left the sun-streaked shade of the oaks, brushed the long grass of the meadows, entered the green and fragrant swaying willows, stop, at length, under the huge old cottonwoods, where the beavers were busy.

HERE they rested and watched. A dam of brush and logs and mud and stones backed the stream into a little lake. The round, rough beaver houses projected from the water. Like the rabbits the beaver had become shy. Gradually, however, as Venters and Bess knelt low, holding the dogs, the beaver emerged to swim with logs and gnaw at cottonwoods and pat mud walls with their paddle-like tails, and, glossy and shiny in the sun, to go on with their strange, persistent industry. They were the builders. The lake was a mud-hole, and the immediate environment a scarred and dead region, but it was a wonderful home of wonderful animals.

"Look at that one—he puddles in the mud," said Bess. "And there! See him dive! Hear them gnawing! I'd think they'd break their teeth. How's it they can stay out of the water and under the water?"

And she laughed.

Then Venters and Bess wandered farther, and, perhaps not all unconsciously this time, wended their slow steps to the cave of the cliff-dwellers, where she liked best to go.

The tangled thicket and the long slant of dust and little chips of weathered rock and the steep bench of stone and the worn steps all were arduous work for Bess in the climbing. But she gained the shelf, gasping, hot of cheek, glad of eye, with her hand in Venters'. Here they rested. The beautiful valley glittered below with its millions of wind-turned leaves bright-faced in the sun, and the mighty bridge towered heavenward, crowned with blue sky.

Bess, however, never rested for long. Soon she was exploring, and Venters followed; she dragged forth from corners and shelves a multitude of crudely fashioned and painted pieces of pottery, and he carried them. They peeped down into the dark holes of the kivas, and Bess gleefully dropped a stone and waited for the long-coming hollow sound to rise. They peeped into the little globular houses, like mud-wasp nests, and wondered if these had been store-places for grain or baby cribs, or what; and they crawled into the larger houses and laughed when they bumped their heads on the low roofs, and they dug in the dust of the floors. And they brought from dust and darkness armloads of treasure which they carried to the light. Flints and stones and strange curved sticks and pottery they found; twisted grass rope that crumbled in their hands, and bits of whitish stone which crushed to powder at a touch and seemed to vanish in the air.

"That white stuff was bone," said Venters, slowly. "Bones of a cliff-dweller."

"No!" exclaimed Bess.

"Here's another piece. Look! . . . Whew! dry, powdery smoke! That's bone."

Then it was that Venters' primitive, childlike mood, like a savage's, seeing yet unthinking, gave way to the encroachment of civilized thought. The world had not been made for a single day's play or fancy or idle watching. The world was old. Nowhere could be gotten a better idea of its age than in this gigantic silent tomb. The gray ashes in Venters' hand had once been bone of a human being like himself. The pale gloom of the cave had shadowed people long ago. He saw that Bess had received the same shock—could not in moments such as this escape her feeling, living, thinking destiny.

"Bern, people have lived here," she said, with wide, thoughtful eyes.

"Yes," he replied.

"How long ago?"

"A thousand years and more."

"What were they?"

"Cliff-dwellers. Men who had enemies and made their homes high out of reach."

"They had to fight?"

"Yes."

"They fought for—what?"

"For life. For their homes, food, children, parents—for their women!"

"Has the world changed any in a thousand years?" was her next question.

"I don't know—perhaps very little."

"Have men?"

"I hope so—I think so."

"Things crowd into my mind," she went on, and the wistful light in her eyes told Venters the truth of her thoughts. "I've ridden the border of Utah. I've seen people—know how they live—but they must be few of all who are living. I had my books and I studied them. But all that doesn't help me any more. I want to go out into the big world and see it. Yet I want to stay here more. What's to become of us? Are we cliff-dwellers? We're alone here. I'm happy when I don't think. These—these bones that fly into dust—they make me sick, and a little afraid. Did the people who lived here once have the same feelings as we have? What was the good of their living at all? They're gone! What's the meaning of it all—of us?"

"Bess, you ask more than I can tell. It's beyond me. Only there was laughter here once—and now there's silence. There was life—and now there's death. Men cut these little steps, made these arrowheads and mealing-stones, plaited the ropes we found, and left their bones to crumble in our fingers. As far as time is concerned it might all have been yesterday. We're here today. Maybe we're higher in the scale of human beings—in intelligence. But who knows? We can't be any higher in the things for which life is lived at all."

"What are they?"

"Why—I suppose relationship, friendship—love."

"Love!"

"Yes. Love of man for woman—love of woman for man. That's the nature, the meaning, the best of life itself."

She said no more. Wistfulness of glance deepened into sadness.

"Come, let us go," said Venters.

Action brightened her. Beside him, holding his hand, she slipped down the shelf, ran down the long, steep slant of sliding stones, out of the cloud of dust, and likewise out of the pale gloom.

"We beat the slide," she cried.

The miniature avalanche cracked and roared, and rattled itself into an inert mass at the base of the incline. Yellow dust like the gloom of the cave, but not so changeless, drifted away on the wind; the roar clapped in echo from the cliff, returned, went back, and came again to die in the hollowness. Down on the sunny terrace there was a different atmosphere. Ring and Whitie leaped around Bess. Once more she was smiling, gay, and thoughtless, with the dream-mood in the shadow of her eyes.

"Bess, haven't seen that since last summer. Look!" said Venters, pointing to the scalloped edge of rolling purple clouds that peeped over the western wall. "We're in for a storm."

"Oh, I hope not. I'm afraid of storms."

"Are you? Why?"

"Have you ever been down in one of these walled-up pockets in a bad storm?"

"No, now I think of it, I haven't."

"Well, it's terrible. Every summer I get scared to death, and hide somewhere in the dark. Storms up on the sage are bad, but nothing to what they are down here in the canyons. And in this little valley—why echoes can rap back and forth so quick they'll split our ears."

"We're perfectly safe here, Bess."

"I know. But that hasn't anything to

(Continued on Page 23.)

Partners

By Leland S. Chester

WHEN Bill Radley, high sheriff of Granite County, clapped "Old Sager" Sam Hutton on the shoulder and said authoritatively, "Guess you'll have to come along with me, Sam," Sager thought he was kidding. He grinned up at Bill, displaying half a dozen broken, tobacco-stained teeth, and replied: "Why, bless yer heart, Bill; got a quart hid out sommers ye want me to pass jedgment on?"

The sheriff's expression grew even more solemn than before.

"This is no joke, Sam. It's straight. I hate to arrest you, seeing that we've always been friends. But friendship and duty are two different things. When I took the oath of office I swore not to mix 'em."

Old Sager eyed him quizzically, searching for a trace of banter back of the clouded features. He could find none. Either the sheriff meant what he said, or he was, all of a sudden, displaying remarkable histrionic powers. Sager, failing to recall the perpetration of any crime sufficiently heinous to warrant arrest, continued to grin broadly.

"Be it a hangin' offense, sheriff?" he inquired.

"Can't tell—yet," returned Radley, soberly. "I hope it's all a mistake. But just now it looks sort of bad. Let's go up and talk to Judge Gorman. Maybe you can clear things up a little."

Search as he would, Sager could find no touch of levity in either the sheriff's tone or manner. The old man rose, stiffly, joint by joint, and threw out his hands in a gesture of impatience and resignation mingled.

"All right, Bill, I'll trot along, if ye say so. But it's a darn fool piece of business, either way ye take it. If ye're in earnest I guess I can put ye right. If ye're kiddin' I'm gonna bust ye in th' jaw fer disturbin' me on a hot day like this."

Five minutes later when he confronted Judge Andrew Gorman in that sedate, middle-aged jurist's office Sager's habitual grin had returned.

"Howdy, judge," he greeted, with another display of his disreputable teeth. "Bill, here, wants me to talk to ye about somethin'. Won't tell me what."

Judge Gorman looked down over his spectacles at the grizzled old desert rat, cleared his throat, and in a sepulchral tone befitting the solemnity of his office, announced: "Samuel Hutton, you are charged with the murder of your prospecting partner, 'Canacia Jim' Rainey, so called."

The Judge halted, waiting to see what affect this charge would have upon the old man. At this grave pronouncement Sager gasped and his leathern features seemed to blanch.

"Canacia Jim!" Sager's eyes almost popped from their sockets and his voice shook. "Canacia Jim dead? Has some ornery houn' gone an' potted Canacia? Ye ain't jokin', air ye, judge?"

"We-ell," returned Judge Gorman slowly, impressed by the old man's apparent concern, "we're not positive. Officially he is not dead; technically he is. Last week you came into the Gulch here—Thursday, to be exact—swearing that you meant to kill one Canacia Jim Rainey, your erstwhile prospecting partner. At about the same time, according to a prospector doing assessment work on a claim in the Melcher Creek district, Canacia disappeared from the cabin where you and he have been living for the past ten years and has not been seen since.

"In view of your threat, and the simultaneous disappearance of the man you threatened, it is our duty to hold you until such time as your guilt or innocence is definitely established."

"Why, judge," protested Sager, his voice high and trembling, "I never harmed Canacia. He was well an' cussin' last time I seen 'im, night on to a week ago. If somebody's potted Canacia——"

"But you swore to kill him," interrupted the judge. "You can't deny that."

"Who's denyin' anything?" demanded Sager, his composure partly restored. "I shore did say I'd kill 'im. I meant it, too, judge, ever' blame word of it. He got stuck on th' eatin' house woman over t' Bender's Run an' traipsed over there, wearin' my new boots an' shirt, to spark 'er. Th' ol' fool! Like as if she'd warm up to a' ol' polecat like him, even with my clothes on. He's to Bender's Run right now, I reckon, judge, like I been tellin' ye all along."

"That will do, Sam," ordered the judge in stertorian tones. "We have it on good authority that Canacia is not at Bender's Run, and has not been within the past six weeks. Your story doesn't hold together, Sam. How do we know you haven't already killed him and are pretending that you think he is still alive to divert suspicion from yourself?"

He turned to Sheriff Radley.

"Lock him up, sheriff, and then proceed with your investigation. Canacia may not be dead. But for his safety, in case he is still alive, it is our duty to hold Samuel Hutton until he suffers a change of heart. We can't let a potential murderer run loose."

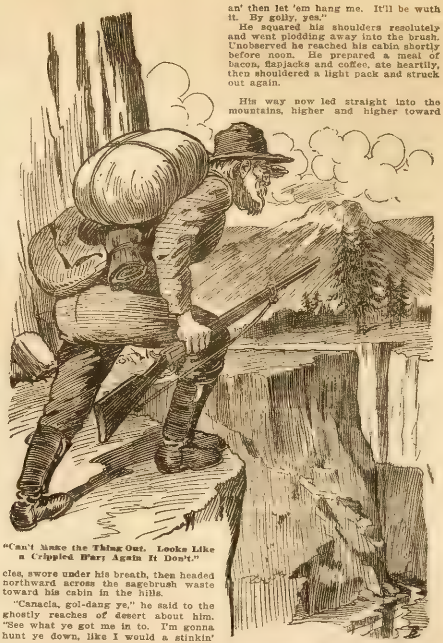
Protesting volubly, maintaining his innocence yet swearing vengeance upon his faithless partner, Sager Sam Hutton was led from the judge's office and lodged in the ovenlike jail back of the one-room courthouse.

That night, after much laborious effort with his long, keen bladed clasp knife, of which the sheriff had not troubled to relieve him, he whittled a hole in the thin board of the jail and squeezed thru to freedom. Once outside, he stretched the kinks from his age-stiffened muscles, swore under his breath, then headed northward across the sagebrush waste toward his cabin in the hills.

"Canacia, gol-dang ye," he said to the ghostly reaches of desert about him. "See what ye got me in to. I'm gonna hunt ye down, like I would a stinkin' varmint, an' wring yer ol' fool neck. Runnin' off with my new boots an' shirt to spark a woman that wouldn't wipe 'er feet on yer whiskers. Huh! Seventy-two years old an' still gallivantin' round atter females. I'll wring yer ol' neck an' then let 'em hang me. It'll be wuth it. By golly, yes."

He squared his shoulders resolutely and went plodding away into the brush. Unobserved he reached his cabin shortly before noon. He prepared a meal of bacon, flapjacks and coffee, ate heartily, then shouldered a light pack and struck out again.

His way now led straight into the mountains, higher and higher toward



"Can't Make the Thing Out. Looks Like a Crippled B'ar; Again It Don't."

the timbered summit which, thru the hazy distance, resembled a huge caterpillar lying motionless against the hot sky. Beyond that summit, down the farther slope and out on to the plains

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again, a full day's journey, lay Bender's Run.

And to Bender's Run had gone Canacia Jim Rainey. Thither, resplendent in new flannel shirt and scrolled boots, his old heart still warm from the smiles of a kindly woman, bestowed on a previous trip, Canacia had taken his blithesome way almost a week earlier during his partner's absence.

Sager had at once guessed his destination. Canacia, since his last visit to Bender's Run, had talked of little else but the "eatin'-house woman." She had merely been kind to him, Sager gathered; but Canacia, misunderstanding the motive which prompts a young woman to smile upon an old man, had jumped at the doddering conclusion that she was in love with him. Even the heated and blasphemous arguments of his partner had failed to shake his faith.

At first Sager merely swore to himself, and let it go at that. Later, however, upon missing the much prized acquisitions to his wardrobe, the first in years, he had grown violent. Unable to contain his wrath until Canacia's return, which would be four or five days at the earliest, he had gone to Granite Gulch where he could pour his outraged soul into the ears of others.

This he had proceeded to do, volubly and wholeheartedly, condemning Canacia to every conceivable torture, vowing the direst of vengeance when they should meet again. At first little attention was paid to his outbursts; but when Canacia neither apeared at Bender's Run nor returned to his cabin, suspicion was aroused. Sheriff Radley and the judge talked it over and decided to act.

Wherefore Sager's arrest, the technical charge of murder, his incarceration and his toilsome self-liberation.

As he progressed steadily upward, picking his way over the bowlder-strewn trail, skirting a declivity, negotiating some treacherous shelf along the face of a granite wall, Sager reviled his partner in proportion to the amount of physical effort required. When the going was good he swore mildly to himself; when for a space it grew particularly arduous he shared his wrath with the surrounding walls and canyons.

Once when his boot slipped, barking a shin and all but precipitating him over a hundred-foot wall, the very summit sent back mocking echo.

"Dang you, Canacia!" he yelled. "Ye'll pay fer this! By heck, I'll crack yer stringy ol' neck like I would a rotten stick. Here we been pardners twenty years an' more, an' now ye leave me to go chasin' atter a woman. Yer ol' pardner ain't good enough no more, huh? Throw me down fer a blame female. Gol-dang!"

Late in the afternoon the summit had changed in aspect from resemblance to a fuzzy insect to that of a spined reptile. Dead snags and trees reared starkly against the paling sky. Sager had hoped to make the crest before night, but his calculation had outstripped his progress Darkness was closing down and there still remained a good two hours' climb. He began to look about for a place to camp.

Rounding a shoulder of a tortuous ledge which obliging Nature had fashioned along the face of a cliff, he looked down into the shadowy depths of a narrow canyon. A stream of clear, cold water leaped and swirled along its rocky floor. He cast about for a place to descend.

Down by the stream a moving shape, some three hundred yards farther up the canyon, caught his eye. Slowly, laboriously, a foot at a time, it was dragging itself back from the water's edge.

"Humph." Sager spoke aloud, after the manner of men who have lived much alone. "Can't make the thing out. Looks like a cripled b'ar; agin it don't. Reckon I'll ease down an' see."

He found a faint trail, leading down at a slow angle, and made the descent. As he drew nearer the object all at once took on definite form. It was a man, lying partly on his side and partly on his stomach. He was hitching himself along with the aid of his arms and his left leg. The right leg dragged, limp and useless.

Sager hurried forward. Coming up to the man he halted and a surprised oath ripped the quiet of the canyon.

"You, Canacia! What 'n blazes ye doin' here, crawlin' along on yer belly like a gol-darn worm. Git up an' ack like a man."

With an audible groan old Canacia Jim Rainey twisted about and looked up at his partner. His hair and beard were matted, the visible portion of his face drawn and unwashed; there was a feverish glow in the sunken, filmy eyes.

"I can't, Sager," he said, and groaned again. "My laig's busted."

"Hells fire, Canacia, ye mean that? Ye mean ye've gone an' got yerself crippled on me? Here, lemme look at that laig. Where's she busted?"

Canacia indicated a place just below the knee. Sager dropped his pack and knelt beside the prostrate man. Canacia had already removed the boot, slit his trousers to the knee and bound a crude splint of willow bark about the injured limb. His partner examined gingerly the swollen foot and knee and shook his head.

"Busted plum in two, Canacia?"

"Dad-blame it, yes," snorted Canacia. "Reckon I'd be here if 'twarn't? Reckon I'd be here four-five days now less'n it was plum useless?"

For the first time Sager noticed the right boot—his late shiny new boot—slit from top to ankle and cast ruthlessly aside. His eyes shifted to the other, still worn by Canacia. It was scuffed and wrinkled, worn almost thru in spots. With mounting rage he appraised the shirt. That once spick, navy-blue creation with its double row of pearl buttons, big as half dollars, was now a wreck—soiled, torn, out at elbows.

Sager let out a roar and sprang to his feet.

"You ol' half-witted, blue-bellied lizzard! Look at that shirt! Look at 'em boots! Bran' new less'n a week ago. Look at 'em now!"

"Yeh, look at 'em!" retorted Canacia, his eyes suddenly blazing. "Look at me! As good a man as ever trod these mountains a week ago. Look at me now. There I am, steppin' along spry as ye please, when all on a sudden—wham!

(Concluded on Page 20.)

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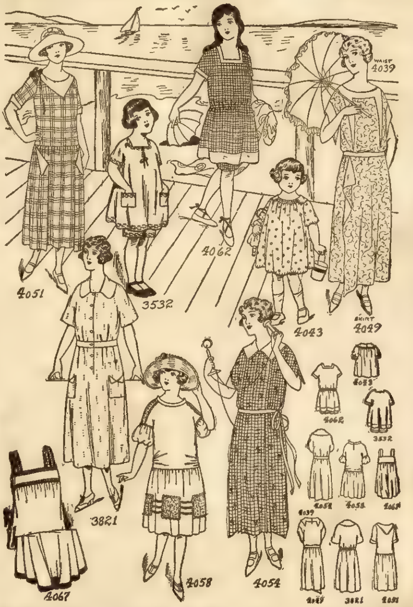
New Burner Makes Gas in Any Stove. Cheaper Than Coal or Wood.

A wonderful new burner which works in any coal or wood stove is the proud achievement of the International Heating Company, 4552 North Broadway, Dept. 1033, St. Louis, Mo. This remarkably simple and inexpensive invention heats stove and oven in half the time and does away with all the dirt, ashes, and drudgery of using coal or wood. It gives one of the hottest and quickest fires known, controlled by a simple valve. It can be put into any stove in a few minutes. The manufacturers offer to send this remarkable invention on 30 days trial to any reader of this paper. They are making a special low price offer to one user in each locality to whom they can refer new customers. They also want agents. Write them today.—Adv.

NEW LEDGER PATTERNS



4051.—Misses' Dress. Cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size requires 5⅛ yards of 32-inch material. For trimming as illustrated 1⅜ yards is required. Price 12 cents.

No. 3532.—Child's Play Suit. Cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size will require 2¼ yards of 36-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 4062.—Girls' Bathing Suit. Cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires 3¾ yards of 32-inch material. For yoke and sleeve and skirt facing ¾ yard will be required. Price 12 cents.

No. 4043.—Child's Dress. Cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3-year size requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material. Price 12 cents.

Nos. 4039-4049.—Ladies' Costume. Waist 4039 cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Skirt, 4049. Cut in 7 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure. A medium size requires 8⅜ yards of 40-inch material, if of one material. If made as illustrated, 7 yards of figured will be required and 1⅞ yards of plain material. The width of the skirt at the foot when finished is about 2⅛ yards Two separate patterns 12 cents for each pattern.

No. 4067.—Ladies' Undergarment. Cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 3⅝ yards of 27-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 3821.—Ladies' Apron Dress. Cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 5 yards of 36-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 4058.—Girls' Dress. Cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires 5¼ yards of 32-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 4054.—Ladies' House Frock. Cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 6⅛ yards of 32-inch material. Collar of contrasting material requires ½ yard. The width at the foot is 2⅝ yards, with plaits extended. Price 12 cents.

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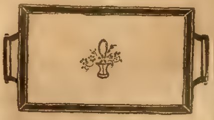
Ledger Embroidery Patterns

By Helen Kaufman

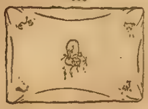
Graceful Baskets for Many Uses.

A serving tray is one of the things on which this decorative basket may be used. **No. K665** was worked on natural colored linen framed in a mahogany frame. The basket and handle were outlined in dark brown. The flowers of rose, orchid and blue were of deep shades and worked in lazy daisy stitches, using No. 5 cotton. This tray could also be worked on colored linens, using green, blue, yellow or rose. Framed in white or light colored enameled wood, it is very effective.

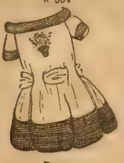
No. K664 was used on the center of a baby's pillow. This is made of fine Swiss or lawn, with basket of light blue organdy, with embroidered flowers of delicate pink and leaves of cool green. The 6 strand cotton was used for this work. The flowers are worked solid with one French knot of yellow for the center. The leaves in lazy daisy stitches. The small sprays are embroidered in each corner.



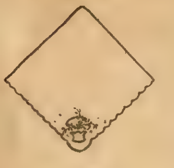
K 665



K 664



K 670



K 667

No. K670 was used on a dress for a little girl. The dress may be of any plain color, with the trimmings of checked gingham to match. The basket of the checked is blind stitched to the front of the dress. The ribbon embroidered in China blue, the buds of rose pink and green leaves, make an effective combination of colors.

No. K667 was used for a handkerchief corner, the basket of applique, the flowers and scallops embroidered. Colored handkerchiefs are most popular, the linen comes in such a variety of beautiful shades, it is difficult to select but one or two, one wants to have a dozen. The work is simple, the basket may be appliqued or outlined as desired. The 6 strand cotton is best. The flowers in lazy daisy stitches, the leaves and dots worked solid, the scallops buttonholed. The color combinations are a matter of choice. Colored applique and embroidery on white linen or white embroidery on color are also used.

Note: Perforated stamping patterns, including compound and directions for stamping, may be had as follows: K664, K665, K670, K667, 12c each.

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Losing His Speed.

"My dear, you don't mean to say it took Jack a month to propose."

"Yes. it did."

"Why, he's getting worse and worse."

Sauces That Make Food Taste Good

They Mean Almost as Much as Good Cooking in These Days.

Plain Foundation Sauce.

BUTTER or dripping, one ounce; milk or stock, one-half pint; flour, one ounce; pepper and salt. Melt the butter and blend the flour with it; add half the liquid a little at a time, stirring constantly. Mix in the rest of the liquid quickly; stir until it boils; season and add the other ingredients, if any.

Caper Sauce.

This foundation can be made into caper sauce by adding a dessertspoonful of capers and a little of the liquid in which they are preserved, but the sauce will curdle if allowed to boil an instant after the capers are added. Caper sauce is used as a garnishing for both boiled mutton and fish

Egg Sauce.

Boil two eggs for fifteen minutes; take out the yolks and rub thru a wire sieve; chop the whites finely and add both to the sauce. This is excellent with boiled fish of any kind except salmon, for which nothing is so good as parsley sauce.

Parsley Sauce.

Wash the parsley and dry well by wringing in a soft cloth. Then pick rrom the stalks and hold in a tight clump between the fingers. Cut it across as closely as possible before chopping and then chop as finely as ever you can with a sharp knife. Parsley cannot be chopped too finely. It should be like a fine green dust when finished. When chopped gather it tightly in the corner of a clean cloth and rinse in running water until the water runs green. Then wring quite dry again and mix with the white sauce. Two heaping tablespoons of the chopped parsley should be added to half a pint of sauce. This is good with boiled mutton, salmon or chicken.

Tomato Sauce.

Tomatoes, three or four; mace, one black; pepper and salt; onion, one-half; cloves, two; cornstarch, one-halt teaspoon; water, one-half pint. Wipe the tomatoes and cut them in halves; put into an agate saucepan together with the onion, cloves, mace and water; simmer until the tomatoes are soft. Rub thru a fine sieve, return to the saucepan and bring to a boil; add the cornstarch blended smooth in a little cold water. Season and serve.

A White Sauce for Croquettes.

Amounts can be increased proportionately as nesessary

Ingredients: Two and a half teaspoons butter (or little less Crisco) and blend with it the flour. Add the milk and cook slowly, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens and is smooth. Finish in a double boiler, and serve over or beside the croquettes.

This white sauce may be used for other dishes, and slices of left-over meat are made very palatable with this addition. A little stock from whatever meat is used may take the place of the milk.

Montpelier Butter.

Cook a loose handful of parsley for two or three minutes in boiling water, blend it well up with four tablespoons of butter, the yolk of a hard-boiled egg and a tablespoon of anchovy paste. Then rub thru a very fine sieve. If you add one leaf of spinach to the parsley it makes a deeper, richer green color.

Hollandaise Sauce.

Beat the yolks of four eggs and beat in gradually one-half cup butter. Add one-quarter teaspoon salt, a dash of paprika, and one-half cup boiling water. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until thick, adding gradually the juice of half a lemon. Chill before using. Serve with fish, or a fish salad.

Celery Sauce.

Cut the celery in one-inch lengths; pnt it in a saucepan; cover with boiling water. Boil about thirty minutes, until tender. Strain out the celery; blend the water in which the celery was boiled with the flour and butter creamed. Set it over the fire and stir until perfectly smooth and thick; add salt, pepper, and the celery; set it over boiling water and let it stew gently until the celery begins to go to pieces. Serve with boiled turkey, chickens, etc.

Sauce Robert.

Two ounces of butter, four tablespoons of good stock, juice of half a lemon, salt and pepper to taste, three onions, sliced fine, one teaspoon of made custard, one teaspoon of vinegar, one teaspoon of flour. Melt the butter in a saucepan; when the butter is melted, fry the onions brown, being careful not to burn them. Add the flour; shake the onions in it, and fry again for a few minutes. Then carefully stir in the stock and seasonings, and boil gently for ten minutes. Skim. Add the mustard, vinegar, and lemon juice. Boil up once, and and serve with steak, pork chops, liver, goose, turkey, etc.

Victoria Grey's Talks to Women

(Continued From Page 7.)

in our dreams. If you dream that you are dying of tuberculosis, it is no sign you will ever have this disease; it is merely a sign that you greatly fear the disease and would hate more than of anything else, to die of it.

The young woman who dreamed the hill dream is one of that crowd of people who are so enamored of color and light and beauty that they go in for art. She and her husband went to a great many places that were filled with life and color. But she had a hidden fear, a fear which she did not even acknowledge to herself, that the liveliness of these parties was beginning to hold her more than the artistic effects she saw there. Thus she finds Mrs. Vie holding her tightly but leading her away from what she wants. Another secret fear there was also: She met so many attractive men at these affairs that she feared they might diminish the love she held for her husband. Thus, in the dream, she pleads with her husband to hold her tighter for fear Life would get her away from him.

So, in the dream, she realizes that spending her time in gayety will not take her over the hill, but lead her directly from it. Even her husband, in taking up so much of her time and attention, she realizes or believes she does—even her husband is walking with her away from the hill of artistic accomplishment.

Suddenly her love of the beautiful swoops down in the guise of a glittering, sparkling woman and, throwing off the hold that Life has on her—and alas, we weep to say, the hold her husband has on her too—she follows her love of color and light and beauty and sails off with it over the mountain with never a wild animal to combat or a thorn to have to cling to. Over the mountain of artistic creation she floated. Thus you see the desire of her innermost self being granted her in her dreams.

Dreams are so indicative of character and desires and thoughts that many a patient has been cured of a stubborn melancholia or some such form of mental depression by a psychoanalytic doctor after he has examined the dreams of the patient for some months. Miraculous things are being done in this direction.

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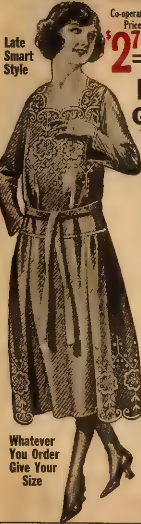

Late Smart Style

Co-operative Price $2.78

Embroidered Gabardine Dress

This charming dress is made of fine quality cotton gabardine cloth in two colors navy and burgundy. Note the long waisted bodice effect, pleasingly emphasized by contrasting color piping to match embroidery. The loose panels on sides are scalloped at bottom and embroidered in contrasting color Blouse also scalloped at neck and embroidered in contrasting color Bell shaped sleeves and sash belt which ties in front add to give this dress a most chic appearance

Women's sizes, 34 to 46 inch bust, skirt length about 35 inches Misses' sizes 32 to 38 inch bust; skirt length measured from natural waist line, about 35 inches.

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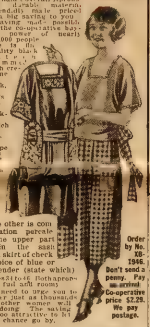

The other is combination percale—the upper part plain the sash and skirt of check Choice of blue or lavender (state which) Sizes 34 to 46 Both aprons cut full and roomy No need to urge you to order just as thousands of other women will be doing The saving is too attractive to let the chance go by.

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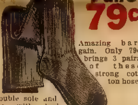

Amazing bargain. Only 79c brings 3 pairs of these strong cotton hose. Double sole and toe with high spliced heel Color black. Sizes 6 to 11 No. XE260. Don't send a penny. Pay on arrival. Co-operative price for 3 pairs 79c. We pay postage.

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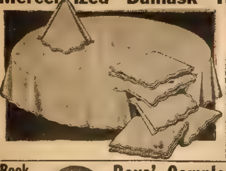

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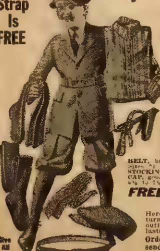

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The most daring offer ever made in boys' clothing if you judge by what you would pay [illegible] stores. But co-operation has settled this matter of price and here is a bargain which we claim is unequaled elsewhere

Most for the Money

SUIT 2 garments is wool mixed brown cassimere Coat, belted model with yoke back and center pleat Two inset regular pockets **Trousers**, full lined Belt loops Suspender buttons Reinforced seams Adjustable knee straps Sizes 7 to 15

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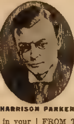

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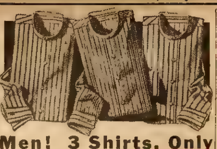

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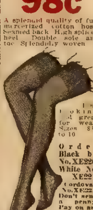

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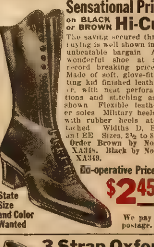

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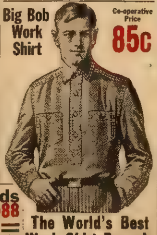

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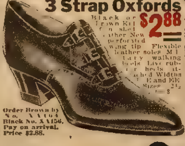

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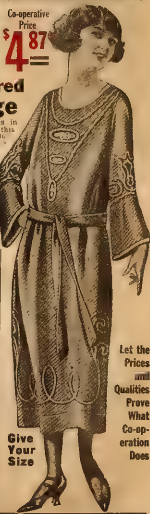

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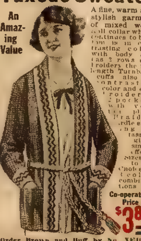

A fine, warm and stylish garment of mixed wool. Roll collar which continues to bottom is in contrasting color with body and has 2 rows embroidery the full length Turnback cuffs also in contrasting color and embroidered 2 pockets with very [illegible] Braided girdle ending in tassels gives smart effect Sizes 34 to 44 Choice of 3 color combinations

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Let the Prices and Qualities Prove What Co-operation Does

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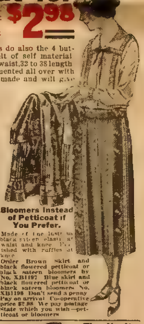

Bloomers Instead of Petticoat if You Prefer.

Made of fine lustrous black sateen elastic at waist and knee Finished with ruffles at knee

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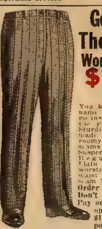

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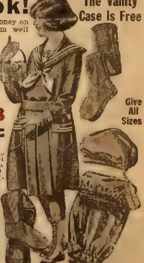

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31 x 4	10 65	16.90	35 x 4½	14.95	24.90
32 x 4	11 85	19.75	36 x 4½	15.45	25.45
33 x 4	12 45	20.90	33 x 5	15.65	25.95
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Drums of Despair

(Continued From Page 4)

Virginiawards on business of the firm, but actually he meant to rejoin his regiment in winter camp at Valley Forge, and to make a report to the commander-in-chief. He was most anxious to don the uniform of the rifles, and to take the field once more, but he feared that he would be sent back to Philadelphia, being still unsuspected by the British.

CHAPTER II.

CUNNINGHAM, THE PROVOST.

THE Boyds were looked upon as martyrs by the loyalists in town. A report somehow gained credence that Christopher had been captured by "Wild Davey" McLane, the Pennsylvania raider whose fame was second only to that of Dan'l Morgan, and was even now serving time in a rebel prison. How such canard became accepted was beyond Anthony's conjecture, but it strengthened his own position, no doubt of that.

But what of Christopher? Had he been soiling his hands in these days of his brother's absence? Shippin, in his mild and hesitant way, told of a leak somewhere that drained the resources of the house of McCall. He hesitated to say that he thought that Christopher had consciencelessly robbed his kinsfolk before taking the field, but there was no mistaking the intimation in his mild voice. The leak was there. No one else had the same opportunity of working it as Christopher had. . . . And it had been stopped since he joined his regiment.

At first Anthony absolutely refused to believe old Shippin. Their personal honor had always been highly prized by the Boyds, and none had ever been attainted. He would have remained unconvinced but for the knowledge that Christopher had written the mayor of Bath, denouncing his younger brother as a rebel. That was an unbelievable thing—would have been had the governor of Old Mill not flaunted the note in Anthony's face. One could scarcely be mistaken in Christopher's penmanship. If he had done that, it was possible that he also robbed his kinsfolk. Those questions would be answered very shortly now if Anthony had his way.

Two mornings after his landing in Philadelphia young Boyd rode out Chestnut street with his pass in his pocket His plan was to go south thru Moyamensing and Passayunk townships, and cross the Schuylkill at Lontz's Ferry. Then, to circle north again, and when he had passed the Lancaster Road to edge back to the river, which he could follow northward to Valley Forge.

The morning was clear, with the nip of winter in the air. Its keen edge set Anthony's pulses to drumming. He had spent two glorious days with Peggy, and now was to don uniform again in his country's service. So he rode on, in high good humor, singing under his breath a bit from Le Papillon.

When he reached Fifth street, and his eyes rested on the State House, they clouded. It was there and at the provost's prison that Cunningham's brutality was unleashed. The stories afloat concerning his treatment of continental prisoners were not pleasant, even to British ears. He was known to stride into the prison, whip in hand, shouting, "Kennel, ye sons o' dogs! Kennel, d—n ye!" and to knock the foul and rotting food from his starving prisoners' hands for the pleasure of seeing them scramble for it in the dirt.

He was half Carrier and half Marat. Anthony remembered having heard Ethan Allen call him "the most mean spirited, deceitful and destructive animal in God's creation here below." He had been born in a Dublin barracks, bred an officer's servant and a sergeant of dragoons. Later he became a "scaw banker"—a decoy for kidnaping apprentices for shipment to America, and had come across with a cargo of them. Such was Captain William Cunningham, whom Sir William Howe, Knight of the Bath, had set as provost marshal over unhappy Philadelphia.

Anthony had met him the previous night at a ball given by the officers of the Coldstream Guards. And now, as he thought of him, small wonder that Boyd sat his saddle, frowning at the State House, where this thing reigned.

Surely no man in all his Majesty's forces, not even Walter Butler with the blood of Cherry Valley on his hands, was so hated as he. But black looks would not mend matters. Anthony picked up his horse's bridle, and was about to turn south into Fifth street when a man rode out of the State House yard—then being used as an artillery park, and motioned peremptorily to him. Boyd's heart stood still for an instant.

The man was Cunningham!

IN AN instant the provost had ridden up with a punctilious salute that was gracefully returned.

"Mr. Boyd," he said in a voice as thick as his body, "we had the pleasure of meeting last night, and already I come to you, asking your favor."

Anthony masked his surprise behind an expressionless face. "How may I serve you, sir?"

"If you mind not I'll ride along with you, explaining as we go that you may lose no time."

The American nodded shortly.

For a matter of ten minutes or more they rode side by side, Cunningham with his heavy chin sunk on his chest like a man who ponders and seeks how he may rightly express himself. The brick pavements and the rows of small houses, with their gardens and white porches, gave way to open country before he began to talk.

"You, I understand," said the provost, "are the only kin of Mistress Peggy McCall. So to you I come, asking to pay my addresses to her."

"You—you desire to wed Peggy?"

Cunningham nodded in a manner most self satisfied. His intense vanity made him believe that Boyd was overcome by the honor, whereas the younger man was horror-stricken at the thought of this ruffian desiring to pay court to Peggy. But, since Captain Cunningham held such power in Philadelphia, Boyd answered him mildly.

"Mistress McCall is betrothed," said he.

The provost's face went black with rage, and his hand dropped to the side arm that clattered against his thigh.

"By what right do you presume to vapour and handle the hilt of your sword at mention of Mistress McCall?" Anthony demanded in sudden heat. "I tell you that she is betrothed."

"And I tell you that you lie!" Cunningham shouted. "You and the other cursed aristocrats in this city presume to sniff at me because of your birth and breeding. Crimp me, but I'm a better man than any of you mincing macaronis, and so I'll prove. Mistress McCall betrothed! Bah! I tell you to your face, Boyd, that I'll have the little baggage if I have to kill you, and whip her to my feet!"

Anthony turned on him a face so savage in its hatred that the provost instinctively swung his mount to the farther side of the road, and listened, gaping, to the words that poured at him.

"Understand, Cunningham, if you make a single move to injure Mistress McCall, I'll kill you if I have to come into your cursed prison and do it there."

"Skewer me if I'll stand such talk," bawled the Englishman, pawing again at his sword, but Anthony thrust him contemptuously aside, and rode a-down Fifth street. He would feel small compunction now about returning here if his Excellency required it, for he felt that Cunningham would not be content to drown his sudden anger and passion with words. The man was dangerous. Never in all his life had he let any compunction of honor or mercy interfere with his plans. And tho Peggy counted Howe and Andre among her friends, Cunningham would not be balked by that. What a beast the man was!

So Anthony rode on thru the pleasant winter sunlight, brows drawn, brooding.

CHAPTER III

THE ACCUSATION.

ANTHONY BOYD slept all the dull winter afternoon thru, cuddled under ragged blankets, in his hut at Valley Forge. It was a fitful slumber, troubled by dreams of his brother looting the counting-room of Water street; of Cunningham holding Peggy in his thick arms; dreams of red horsemen riding by, the beat of their horses' hoofs thudding like the hollow boom of Indian witch drums.

At 4 o'clock an orderly wakened him with the information that a staff officer from headquarters waited. A moment later, with a jingle of spurs and sword, Colonel Hamilton entered.

"I have a most unpleasant duty for you, Captain Boyd," he said without preamble. "His Excellency, having studied your report, is highly pleased by the manner in which you carried out your mission in England. As you have been so successful in this matter he is placing another—a most delicate one—in your hands. He has been informed that there is a British agent in his official family; an officer whom he thoroly trusted. It is his desire that, if necessary, you return to Philadelphia and learn what you can concerning this man's possible connection with the British intelligence system. Whatever method you pursue will meet with his Excellency's approval."

Anthony nodded. "And the officer I am to investigate?"

Colonel Hamilton looked at him sorrowfully. "He is your brother—Lieutenant Christopher Boyd!"

The younger man sprang to his feet, confused, tingling with horror. Christopher a British spy! Oh, impossible, quite quite impossible. Yet—was it? There was the letter to the mayor of Bath, and old Shippin's recital of the thefts. A man who could stoop to such things might conceivably go lower, and betray his country in her hour of need.

Anthony had never thought his brother capable of a mean act, tho Christopher, ten years his senior, and a morose sort

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Age? . How old is Goitre? . . . . . yrs.
Nervous? . . . . Hands Tremble? . . . .
Do eyes bulge? . . . . Does heart beat too rapidly? . . . . Health? . . . .
Name . . . .
Address . . . .
612

of fellow, had kept much to himself, and never been given to confidences. . . . A spy! Was it really possible?

"The task of preparing a case against your brother will be particularly abhorrent to you," continued Colonel Hamilton, but His Excellency is assured that you will not shrink from your duty. He has every confidence in your honor as a soldier."

Anthony cleared his throat and wiped his stiffened lips with an unsteady hand. "You—you are sure that my brother is guilty?"

"Not sure, Captain Boyd. That is what His Excellency desires to know. You may take whatever steps you desire in determining his status. He took Anthony's hand in a kindly grip. "I am sorry, sir, and wish you every bit of luck, believe me."

When the staff officer had gone Anthony went at once to Christopher's quarters and told him exactly what Colonel Hamilton had said. He was confident that his brother could not look him in the eyes and lie.

They faced each other—Anthony pale with emotion, Christopher dark and sullen.

"God knows that I hope you are innocent," said the younger man, "but whichever is the case I must do my duty. Thru the meshed tangle of treachery and dishonor there leads but one clean path. That I shall take."

Christopher scowled. "And if it were true you'll have so little brotherly feeling that you would help them swing me on a crossroads gibbet, eh?"

Anthony walked to the window of the hut and stared out, not replying. Men were suffering all about him there in the snow—hind and gentleman alike—tattered, freezing, giving their all cheerfully that the principles embodied in that Declaration made in Philadelphia might be enjoyed by generations yet unborn. Could he, then, do less than his duty when his failure would jeopardize them and the cause for which they fought.

He turned sharply from the window. "First of all, why did you write a letter to the mayor of Bath, denouncing me as a rebel agent? It made me doubt you even before Shippin spoke—before Colonel Hamilton told me of his suspicions——"

Christopher's ruddy face turned almost purple. Then the color faded, leaving him ashen. As he nervously fumbled the tarnished gorget on his breast, he burst out:

"You fire-eating young bullhead! I shall not tell you a word. This is but a plan of yours to disgrace me in Peggy's eyes. Have I not seen enough of the cabals that infest the army to know? Let me tell you this: If you hang me you foul your own nest—and Peggy will not——"

"Enough!" said Anthony bitterly. Hope had died in his breast. Surely Christopher must be guilty to evade thus; to speak of cabals and plots. It was bitter to prosecute one's own kin; more bitter still that Peggy should suffer beneath the shame.

The brothers were not acquainted intimately. Anthony had attended my Lord Dartmouth's College, while Christopher handled the affairs of Alexander and Hector McCall. They had never lived together or shared the same sports before or after Anthony's college days. In substance they were strangers, but both Boyds. Shame for one was shame for both. For a few moments Anthony stood brooding. Then he said:

"The welfare of the nation comes first. Our men have given all. They have suffered themselves; they have seen their families die under the war hatchets of Britain's red allies. I cannot, in honor, desert them, and, as you have not denied this charge brought against you, I place you under arrest!"

Christopher drew a long breath, unbuckled his sword, and laid it on the table. His brother signalled the sentry at the door. "Will you believe," he said before the soldier entered, "that I would rather lead a storming party in a narrow breech than do this?"

The older man struck down the proffered hand and walked out of the hut, the sentry's bayonet at his back.

ANTHONY decided very shortly on the course he should pursue. So long as Christopher refused to speak there was only one place where proof of his treachery could be secured. That was in Philadelphia. And Anthony was not so loath to return there as he would have been a week agone. Of Christopher's guilt there seemed to be little doubt, but if there was a single one Anthony meant to take advantage of it. Besides, in the occupied city where Captain Cunningham and Peggy—a condition out of which only trouble could arise. So to Philadelphia. Anthony went

He left Valley Forge at 6 o'clock with an escort, deeming the latter necessary because of the skinners and outlaws who wandered between the American and British camps. It was snowing, and the icy particles whipped on the wings of a savage wind. His escort were Pennsylvanians, strapping big fellows, who had but little protection against the elements. Some wore but one boot; some were hoseless, with their blue, pinched toes peeping out of their shoes; others wore breeches that put decency to blush, but all had dragoon caps and long swords, and each carried a brace of gad-a-mercy pistols in his belt.

Darkness had long since enfolded them when they stopped at Burke's tavern above Norriton. Boyd bought them a piping hot meal and as much brown ale as they could put away. Poor fellows! It was the first good food many of them had eaten in many long months of campaigning.

Then back in the saddle with noses pointed toward the sad city to the south.

They took the Skippack road, jingling along at a fairish rate with the snow beating in their faces. Anthony, chin on chest, was thinking deeply. The war had brought more trouble to few others in the colonies than he. His material losses he bore with a smile. The stately Boyd mansion in Germantown, with its tall chimney, dormers, roof rail and long avenues of trees had been gutted—suffering far more than the Chew house where the redcoats had held up the American advance. Probably before hostilities closed his share in the firm of Alexander and Hector McCall would be confiscated. His life, too, would be as freely given as those things had been. But why was he called on to give up the girl he loved—and to tarnish the family honor by sending his brother to the gibbet?

"It's close on to 10 of the clock, sir," spoke up Corporal Galloway, rubbing his cold hands on ragged thighs. "We're gettin' dangerous close to Philadelphy. There's an outpost o' dragoons or Hessians within smellin' distance, I'm thinkin'."

Anthony drew up his horse, and looked about, his restless eyes searching the road hedge. "You can take your men back now, corporal. I'll skirt the timber here, and slip into Philadelphia as best I can."

Mayhap they were nearer the outpost than they thought. Perhaps it was a wandering patrol that issued from the woods. At any rate, as they stood there, a hoarse voice boomed out of the darkness: "Who goes there?"

"Friends," said Boyd, drawing his pistol.

Corporal Galloway edged his horse up against Anthony's. "When we engage them do you cut off thru the woods, sir. I can see but five men there, and we be more than a match for them."

"Friends, eh?" cried the dragoon officer, riding up and peering thru the snow. "By the Lord Harry ye have more the smell of rebels." He laid his hand on Boyd's bridle while he reached for his sabre. Before he could draw Galloway pistolled him. His maddened animal tore away. The rider swayed horridly in his saddle, and then fell sideways, one spurred heel entangled in the stirrup.

Before the dragoons could form the continentals were among them, big sabres slashing. Not a single man of that patrol escaped the wrath of those who were suffering at Valley Forge. While Corporal Galloway led his flushed and victorious men back along the Skippack road Anthony plunged into the wood path, and disappeared into the falling snow.

CHAPTER IV.

SHIPPIN'S PROPOSAL.

ANTHONY resumed once again the place he had occupied in Philadelphia before the colonies broke with their most christian sovereign, George III. He spent little time in the counting-house of Alexander and Hector McCall. Business was at a standstill, so he was first in all the gaieties by the garrison officers. Some of these he had known before the commencement of hostilities; others he came to know well—Major Andre, the beau ideal of the army; Captain DeLancey; Colonel Banaster Tarleton, the raiding dragoon; Major Lord Cathcart; even General Howe, himself.

Yet he had not accomplished the object for which he came, tho he learned much of value to the patriot cause. This information he forwarded thru Tommy Entwisle, who made his home in the deserted Pawling house in Spruce street.

Entwisle was the one person in the city to whom he could freely speak—Peggy having gone to visit friends in Kennet Square. Cunningham had not bothered him nor cast a doubt on his status as a loyalist. So he passed unchallenged in a town where times were out o' joint for those who could not say, "God Save the King" with good grace.

Anthony's days were an apparent round of pleasure. He dined with "The Loyal Association Club" at Clarke's, against the statehouse; and supped with the Yorkshire Club at the tavern known as "The Bunch of Grapes." He took Tory ladies to the plays staged by Major Andre at the rebuilt South street theater, where "No One's Enemy but His Own" and "The Deuce Is in Him" received frantic applause. He danced at the balls given at the City Tavern, and attended the hundred guinea mains fought at the cockpits in Moore's alley. In short, Boyd's life in Philadelphia appeared to be that of a macaroni and a fop.

It went hard with him to deceive these jolly officers with whom he came in contact—loathing perfidy as he did in others—but he knew that his Excel-

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lency would not require duty of any man that would tarnish his honor.

For a time things went very well. Then Fate turned, and showed her teeth in a snarl.

In the cardroom of the City Tavern on the night in question sat Anthony and four companions: Beaumont, the surgeon-general; young Penefether; Colonel Tarleton and Major Andre. A freezing rain swept the streets. Now and then a volley of hail rattled on the closed shutters, but in that high, oak-beamed room they were cozy enough. Anthony's heart was sad. The ice and rain that beat so harmlessly 'gainst their shutters whipped at that very moment his ragged comrades at Valley Forge.

With a sombre face he glanced down at his finery. The coat, of ivory silk, heavily embroidered with golden filigree, fell over a waistcoat of clouded ivory and golden mesh. The breeches were buckled with gold; the stockings were of silk. There was lace at throat and cuff. How gladly he would exchange it all for the right to suffer with his men—and with Christopher freed of the taint of treason!

"Gad, Boyd!" said Tarleton, with his husky laugh. "You are glum as one of Cunningham's prisoners. Gay, lad, gay!"

Anthony shuffled the cards, and dealt them 'round.

"Have you wagered aught on the coming fight?" broke in Penefether.

"The fight? I know naught of it."

"What!—you, the best boxer in Philadelphia, know nothing of an event that is like to beggar half the garrison staff? Well, the match was made but this afternoon, so perhaps 'tis not so strange after all. Cunningham has a milling cove whom he boasts can beat any man in the colonies. Tomorrow night a man must be produced to beat this Watson. The guineas are flying about in bets as tho they were no more than farthings."

Anthony cuddled the cards in the palm of his hand without replying. Then he said, "Spades are trumps."

A servant spoke respectfully from the door. "There is a gentleman in the hall, sir, who desires most urgently to see Mr. Boyd."

"Let him go hang," Beaumont cried petulantly. "We'll not have our game broken up so."

But Anthony had already risen with a graceful word of regret. He dared miss nothing. This man might be a spy from his Excellency; might be Tommy Entwisle on a matter of moment. He followed the servant into the hall.

IT WAS only Samuel Shippin who waited him there—his almost colorless eyes with the sacs under them, expressionless; tho he fumbled nervously with his spindly white whiskers. In his snuff-colored clothes he looked like a timid rabbit, ready to run pell mell if spoken to harshly.

"What's the news, Samuel?" queried Boyd, his relieved voice having a pleasant undertone of laughter.

"Much, sir," said Shippin quietly. "I have engaged a room. Will you come to it? We can talk with safety neither here nor in the taproom."

"With safety?" Anthony's eyes narrowed, but he bowed, and followed the little clerk down the hall. The room they entered was a small affair, more shadowy for the candle that flickered on the table. Shippin locked the door, carefully pouching the key, and seated himself on the bed, waving his guest toward the only chair.

"Now!" he said.

"Now—what?"

"Boyd," spoke the little man, his eyes fixed on the rag carpet beneath his feet, "I have both a confession and a demand to make. Your brother was not responsible for the losses in the McCall business. I am. More! I have taken another ten thousand pounds, and wagered it on the bout tomorrow, hoping to repay what I have stolen if all turns out as I have planned. Cunningham has unearthed this grenadier, Watson, whom he boasts can whip any milling cove that ever drew the breath of life. You must fight him—you know that you can beat him, don't you?"

Anthony drew a long breath. It was a keen relief to know that in this affair, at least, Christopher, was innocent. He knew, tho, that the concern could not stand the loss of an added ten thousand pounds. It would go into bankruptcy, and Peggy would be ruined.

Shippin's sallow skin took a faint tinge of red as Anthony's eyes kept focussed on him. "Well?" he mumbled.

"Embezzler!" Boyd sprang to his feet.

"Keep your distance, sir. This pistol is loaded, and I'll have my say if you eat lead while I'm doing it. I stole the money, if the confession eases you, but you'll not cry it abroad in the public streets, else you'll dance on nothing, yourself, to the tune that Cunningham whistles. I know exactly what you are doing here in Philadelphia! But, if you are sensible, and fight this Watson I'll give you the information that you seek here—concerning your brother—aye, and Mistress Peggy, and I will engage to return the moneys I have taken. You can win if you choose. I know the reputation you won among the gentry there in England. If you refuse you'll see Mistress Peggy in poverty ere they swing you off on the gibbet!"

Anthony relaxed in his chair, but his eyes never left Samuel Shippin's face.

"I am in a corner," the little clerk burst out, "and I can spare mercy on no one. Will you fight?"

"Yes, I will fight," said Anthony quietly, "but I cry shame on you for your callous, thievish actions. It is you who require mercy—not I—you cursed hypocrite."

"I have your word," mumbled Shippin.

Boyd nodded

He returned to the smoky cardroom, smiling easily, and was greeted with cheers.

"Have trouble with the old scratch-wig?" queried Penefether, grinning "A money, lender, I'll be bound, pursuing our foppish hero!"

"No," smiled Anthony, flipping the deck with his fingers. "Just my clerk on a matter of business. Spades, I think were trumps, were they not?" And to himself, "Spades will be trumps for me—packing me well in mother earth if I fail to win this bout!"

CHAPTER V.

THE TRICK.

IT WAS close to 3 o'clock in the morning when Anthony, with a politely stifled yawn, rose from the table. The others agreed—being rather bleared of eye and shaky of leg—'twas high time to seek bed.

Colonel Tarleton, the raiding dragoon, a thick muscular man, who had earned the title of "Butcher" when he harried the Carolinas, laid his highly colored hand on Anthony's arm.

"Stay at my quarters tonight, Boyd," he said. "My coach is waiting below; you can see the lamps shining thru the rain. Damme, there's no need to hie yourself back to Whistler's tavern at this hour o' the morning——"

"I could not put you to such a bother."

"Bother! 'Tis none at all, but a pleasure, forsooth. I'll not take no for an answer." He linked his fat arm with Anthony's, and together they tramped down the stairs; the Colonel calling farewells to the company in his bellowing bull's voice.

The cold slash of the rain and wind seemed partially to sober him. He bowed ceremoniously under the street lamp, his body reflected waveringly on the wet pavement, and urged Anthony to step first into the coach. He followed.

Boyd sat silent, thinking of many things—of his brother, confined at Valley Forge for the unspeakable crime of treason, which he—Anthony—must seek to prove or disprove against him; of Peggy, whom he loved; of Samuel Shippin, who had brought the honorable firm that had employed him these forty years to the edge of bankruptcy. Presently his thoughts centered on the fight. He must win it, or, in truth, the world would be upside down for him. If he lost, Peggy's only source of income would be swept away—his usefulness here in Philadelphia would vanish—and he would swing on the nearest gibbet. Trust Shippin for that. Oh, he must win, no question of that!

Anthony was startled from his reverie by the sound of Tarleton's chuckles. The dragoon seemed to be enjoying himself hugely over some secret joke, so his companion asked to share it.

"It is the biggest joke, Boyd—the funniest thing I have seen in a month, crib me if it's not. But you may not see the humor in it—no, spike me, if I think you will."

Anthony's muscles tensed. There was a threat under the dragoon's laugh.

"And there you sat all evening," Tarleton rumbled on, "so mild and happy, never guessing your head to be in a trap, never even sniffing the cheese. It was funny, Boyd, gad, but it was funny. Do you know where we are going now?"

"To your quarters, I presume, sir," said Anthony patiently.

Tarleton slapped his fat knee, and roared: "No, no. We're going to 'Bully' Cunningham's boarding-house, where he can fatten you up for the crowds that feast at the gallows. Here's my warrant for it." He fumbled drunkenly for his pistol, but Anthony tore it away and jammed it against Tarleton's ribs. The game was up. He could not fight tomorrow!

The shock of finding his own pistol turned on him seemed to help sober Colonel Tarleton. He edged back until his shoulders were jammed against the side of the coach.

"Take care what you are about," he said furiously. "That piece is charged."

"I am most happy to know it. Instruct your coachman to drive at once to Mr. Hecksher's in Walnut street. Hurry, sir. I shall brook no delay."

Mr. Hecksher was a well-known Tory, and Anthony had no intention of going to his home. However, the house formerly occupied by Mr. Pawling was in Spruce street, just a block away. It had stood vacant for months, save for the surreptitious presence of Tommy Entwisle and one or two ether patriot agents. It would make a perfect prison for Colonel Tarleton until Anthony had escaped.

"Drive to Mr. Hecksher's," ordered the dragoon in a choked voice. Then to Anthony: "I've been a fol to give you this opportunity, but the wine buzzing in my head made me scarce responsible. Now, you are like to walk off with none the wiser, for the only other man in Philadelphia who knows who you are is my brother, who came ashore today from the frigate, scorpion."

"Your brother?"

"Ah, you recollect not the privateer that stopped you when you fled from England—nor the officer to whom you talked so valiantly that he let you go? That was my brother. Admiral Digby raked him well for the mischance, so he desired credit for capturing you. But he drank himself stupid, and left the matter to me." He passed his hand across his eyes. "Curse that wine. I am talking too much now."

Anthony smiled. "You will have an opportunity to cool your head in a place you dreamed not of. We stop here. See to it that your coachman takes not alarm, else you will eat lead, and I will trust to my heels."

The driver drew up his horses with a flourish before the dwelling of Mr. Hecksher, which loomed darkly behind a spacious lawn. Anthony and Tarleton stepped out of the coach arm in arm, Boyd holding the pistol under his cloak, with the muzzle pinned against Colonel Tarleton's ribs.

"Make your excuses to the coachman," said Anthony between his teeth, "else it means your life and his, too."

So Tarleton, who recognized the futility of resistance, spoke up: "Mr. Boyd and I will stay at Mr. Hecksher's. Take the horses back. . . . You need not call for us in the morning."

GLAD to be relieved, the coachman touched his hat, and drove off thru the rain. When he had passed out of sight, Boyd and Tarleton walked around the corner, and turned into Spruce street, where the darkened windows of Mr. Pawling's house peered suspiciously down at them.

Before they could ascend the steps came a heavy tramp—tramp on the pavements—a dozen men in military formation by the sound of them.

"The grand rounds!" muttered Anthony. "Remember, Tarleton, if you let them know anything is wrong——" He pressed the pistol harder against the colonel's side.

The sergeant of the guard flashed his torch on them. Tarleton's squat figure was known to every British regular in Philadelphia, so he received a brisk salute. The sergeant called the lieutenant in command, and the latter, noting his superior's bleared eyes and general air of dissipation, askel: "Would the colonel like an escort, sir? The streets be not safe for strollers on such nights as these."

Tarleton brightened, but clouded again as he felt the iron against his side.

"No," he growled. "Take your men on."

When they had gone Anthony wiped away the freezing rain that mingled with the sweat-beaded forehead and cheek. Had the lieutenant turned sus-

(Continued on Page 21.)

Wooden Spoil

(Continued From Page 6.)

the hill behind Rocky River, against the skyline, was a solitary figure, striding along with a bag in its hand.

We now begin to realize the many obstacles young Askew must attack and overcome if he is to make a success of his large inheritance. That the big fight has but just begun is quite evident from what we have already been told of the hero's adventure into the wild country north of the majestic St. Lawrence River and its broad gulf. Another big installment in next week's Ledger.

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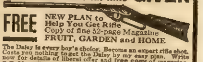
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Moonshine and Madness

(Concluded From Page 2)

on this line, anyway? Why, he's twenty years behind the times!"

The old man snorted, got up from his chair and strode over to the window. Thrusting a skinny fist under Jonathan's nose, he yelled in a high-pitched childish voice: "Take that back, you smart aleck! Don't you call Dispatcher Sam Jenkins no sich names! I'll skin you alive, I will!"

Jonathan stepped back in surprise and consternation, narrowly missing a hole in the waiting-room floor.

Sam Jenkins'

He had known a dispatcher by that name—but the same Jenkins he had known was killed in action during the Spanish-American War, twenty-four years ago. Jonathan began to feel a cold, chilly sensation in the pit of his principal digestive organ.

The old man was still glaring at him in a most belligerent manner. Jonathan hastily gathered his scattered wits together and ventured a rather incoherent statement to the effect that he had once known a train dispatcher of the same name.

"Did he have a scar on his left cheek—where a mule kicked him when he was a kid?" countered the old gentlemen.

"Yep," gulped Jonathan. "We called him 'Scar-Face Jenkins,' in the Atlanta office."

"That's him—that's him!" chortled the old man, suddenly becoming friendly. "They ain't a better train dispatcher in the country than Sammy. He's my boy"—proudly—"an' nacherally I'm a right smart bit proud o' him. He's been a-frettin' me consid'able lately, tho—wantin' to volunteer an' go off to Cuby, along of Joe Wheeler an' his bunch, to whip them dirty Spaniards fer sinkin' the Maine; but I says to him: 'Sammy,' says I, 'when President McKinley wants you he'll let you know in plenty o' time.' so——"

Jonathan didn't hear the rest of Jenkins' prattle. He was staring with horrified eyes at a big calendar on the wall of the offices—a calendar that bore, in big red letters and figures the date of May 1, 1898:

"Say!" choked Jonathan. "What year is this, anyway?" And as the old gentleman looked at him in blank astonishment, he went on, pleadingly: "It's 1922, ain't it? For Gawd's sake, old man, be easy on me—say it's 1922!"

Jenkins frowned over his gold-rimmed glasses. "You'd better let licker alone, mister. Hit's been the ruin o' many a good man—an' from the way you're talkin' an' actin' hit's jest about got you a ticket to the lunatic asylum. Any fool orter know hit's 1898—May the fust, 1898. You'd better ketch number two thet's due here in about five minutes, an' go to the hospital in Atlanta. Thet's shore where you belong!"

Jonathan groaned loudly and produced a five-dollar bill. "Gimme a ticket to Atlanta," he whimpered, "and for Pete's sake, don't forget to flag that train! Hurry up! I wanna sit down! I'm a sick man!"

"Too bad—too bad," sympathized Jenkins as he stamped a ticket and handed it to Jonathan. "If you ever git well, take an old man's advice an' let strong drink alone."

Jonathan turned the ticket over, and looked at the date stamp. "L. & C. R. R., Marshall, Ga.," it read, "May 1, 1898."

"My Gawd!" he choked as he slumped into a seat. "What in heck has got into the scheme of things, anyway? Either I'm crazy, or that old bird's crazy, or Time itself has skidded back a matter of twenty-four years. Instead of gittin' drunk and wakin' up twenty-years behind the times, like ole Rip Van Winkle, I get soused and wake up twenty-four years ahead! Oh, my Gawd—gimme air—gimme air!"

Panting like a winded runner, he dashed out of the room thru the front door. The ancient telegrapher watched his flight in mild surprise—then tapped his forehead significantly.

Outside, Jonathan was pacing up and down the shaky platform, wringing his fat hands and moaning in abject fear. Before long he began to want to sit down. He felt that it would be much more desirable to sit down gracefully, while he could, than to wait until he keeled over in a faint.

So he sat down on the platform, his legs nervously swinging over the edge. Almost immediately the pet corn on his right foot struck something—something apparently as solid as the rock of Gibraltar. Jonathan muttered a curse, and peering into the semi-darkness, was able to make out the trunk of a good-sized sapling growing in the space between the platform and the inside rail of the main track—a place where no tree of its size had any right to be growing.

And a yell of terror burst from him when he discerned, a few feet further on, several pine trees growing in the middle of the track! Some of them were twenty or thirty feet high. Nevertheless, the old man in the office had just copied an order for a train which was shortly to pass over this same track!

"Nothin' but an airplane could run over these rails—and it would have to fly pretty darn high, at that," was Jonathan's despairing conclusion. "But I forget—airplanes ain't been invented yet.

"They always told me the joy stuff would get me if I kept it up," he sobbed; "and now it's done gone and done it!"

SOME one was entering the waiting-room by way of the back door, walking stealthily and almost noiselessly. Jonathan, gazing thru the open front door, could see a familiar scar on the man's left cheek. He clutched the edge of the platform to keep from falling. Cold shivers played tag up and down his spinal column, and the hair stood erect on his head.

It was the ghost of the departed Sam Jenkins, beyond a doubt in the world. Jonathan recognized the thin, cadaverous face, the lazy shuffling walk—and the scar!

Then, the courage that comes from madness came to Jonathan. Ripping a loose board from the platform, he dashed up the steps, entered the waiting-room and was lifting his club preparatory to dashing the ghost's brains out—provided they have any—when a remakably beautiful girl of the most advanced mountain-lass type rushed into the room via the back door and seized his arm. Holding it fast in a determined grip, she hissed in a barely audible whisper: "Stop, you fool! Do you want to spoil everything?"

The old man, holding a stamped ticket in his hand, was peering over his spectacles at the group in a bewildered way. The specter had thrown his left arm protectingly about the shoulders of the girl, and in his right hand had suddenly appeared a wicked-looking revolver, which he was just now pointing at Jonathan's addled head.

"Explain yourself!" he snapped out. "What the devil are you doing around here——"

"Gentlemin—gentlemin!" admonished the old man. "No argufyin' allowed on the company's property! Hit's ag'in the rules!"

The apparition disengaged Jonathan's arm from the girl's strong clutch and piloted him into a dark corner.

"Take it easy, Jonathan, old top," he whispered. "Nothing to get excited over. Marjorie—my niece—told me about your call tonight, but I didn't know till this minute it was you. I'll take you to town in my car, early tomorrow.

"You see, dad worried so much about my wanting to join the army back in '98—and the new short cut of the L. & C. which would leave this little deport ten miles from the main line—that he completely lost his mind. A month later I joined the colors in spite of the old gent's condition, and was erroneously reported killed in action, but lived thru the war and spent several years in the Philippines.

"Meanwhile, everything possible had been done to restore dad's mind, but without success. It was not until a few days ago that I hit on the right idea.

"I strung a telegraph line from the house to the old depot—Marjorie says you mistook it for a telephone line—and fixed up the telegraph office to appear as much as possible as it was back in '98. The old man was induced to come to the office tonight, and soon after our arrival he dropped off to sleep in the big arm chair. Marjorie and I slipped back to the house, and I began making "M. A."—the old telegraph call for Marshall—on the wire. Several minutes passed without the old gentleman answering, and I was about to give up in feeble—"I—I—M. A."—clicked back to me from the other end of the wire. Dad's mind, tho twenty-four years behind the times, was restored!"

Sam Jenkins' chest swelled with pardonable pride as he added: "I'm no doctor, Jonathan—just a common, ordinary, ex-army sergeant—but you'll have to admit that when it comes to straightening out kinks in the old think-tank, I'm right there with the goods!"

Jonathan sighed profoundly, and regarded the smirking Jenkins with a cold stare of disdain. "Your ability as a mind restorer," he snorted, "is second only to your ability as a mind wrecker. Yeah—you restored the old man's reason, all right—but Gawd only knows how close you came to ruinin' mine."

* * *

Just a Word.

"WELL, what is it today?" asked the grocer as he came forward rubbing his hands.

"Nothing much," was the reply. "I'm in a hurry and haven't time to stop now. I called to say just a word."

"And what is that?" asked the grocer.

"Why, you have got a piece of wire in your scales so as to make them weigh fourteen ounces to the pound, but you have got the wire wrong somehow and you are giving eighteen ounces to the pound. I just stopped in to say to you that you had better take the wire out. Nice day this to pull wires. Good morning."

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I want you to take a good look at the spectacles in the above heading. Notice their size and shape. Compare them with the glasses you or your friends may be wearing right now. Notice the extra-large round eyes in these latest-style **sight-improving** spectacles. The glasses are as large and as round as a silver dollar, as you can see in the above picture; and completely cover every part of the human eye so you don't have to look over the tops of them or squint your eyes under the bottoms of them like you have to do when wearing the old-style small-eye spectacles for sale at stores.

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Thousands of spectacle-wearers from Maine to California have quit using the old-style small-eye egg-shaped glasses and are now wearing the latest-style extra-large round-eye **sight-improving** spectacles—which have practically taken the country by storm—and I am going to send you a pair of these up-to-date glasses complete in a very neat and handsome 10 karat gold-filled spectacle frame, to try fully ten days on your own eyes in your own home without a cent in advance or even a reference.

You Can Wear These Latest-Style, Extra-Large, Round-Eye, *Sight-Improving* Spectacles for Far or Near, for Reading or Looking Away Off in the Distance

As soon as you get them I want you to put them on your eyes and you will be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the finest print in your newspaper or magazine; you will be able to thread the smallest-eyed needle and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on and do it all night long if you like without any headaches or eye pains and with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.

You Can Use Them When Out Hunting, Driving or To the Movies if You So Desire

If you like to go hunting occasionally, put on these latest-style **sight-improving** spectacles, go out into the woods some bright sunny morning and you will be delighted to find how greatly they help you in sighting your gun and taking aim at your game. Or, if you go to the movies once in awhile, you can take a seat away in the back end of the theatre—to avoid the glimmer of the lights—and you will be pleased to notice that even the smallest words and pictures on the screen, look just as clear and as plain to you as though you were sitting right in the front row, with the aid of these latest-style, **sight-improving** spectacles.

Seeing is Believing

Now I realize that it may be hard for you to believe that these latest-style, **sight-improving** spectacles will again bring back to you the absolutely perfect sight of your younger days. But you know the old saying "Seeing is believing" and I positively will not accept one single solitary penny from you until you have seen these latest-style spectacles and have found them more sight-improving to your own eyes than any spectacles you have ever bought anywhere at any price before. That is the reason why I am only asking you to fill out and mail me the coupon below, and I will immediately send you a handsome 10-karat gold-filled pair of the latest-style, extra-large, round-eye, **sight-improving** spectacles, by mail, all charges prepaid to try fully 10 days on your own eyes in your own home without a cent in advance or even a reference.

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How old are you? Ans..................... *How many years have you used glasses (if any)? Ans.*....................

Name....................

County.................... *Post Office*....................

Rural Route.................... *Box No*.................... *State*....................

Street and No. (if any)....................

S. J. Stulman, Reg. Opt.

Partners

Concluded From Page 12

an' I'm down here ruint fer life. Told ye to put nails in them boots."

"Nails!" stormed Sager. "Them's my Sunday boots. Who wants nails in Sunday boots. Serves ye right, chasin' off atter a woman, makin' folks think I killed ye an' me in jail. Wearin' by new clothes, too. Wish ye'd bruck yer fool neck, 'stead o' yer laig. Save me trouble killin' ye. That's what I come fer, Canacia—to kill ye an' feed ye to th' buzzards."

The injured man turned suffering eyes upon his threatener.

"Go on, then," he dared quietly; "go on an' do it. I'd ruther be daid than all busted up this-a-way."

Sager shook his head. "No, Canacia, I ain't takin' advantage of no cripple. 'F I'd found ye well I'd a stomp ye in the ground like I would a rattlesnake. I'd mash ye so flat a lizzard could walk over ye an' not know it. When'd ye eat last, pardner?"

"Two-three days ago," said Canacia. "Didn't bring much grub. Et it all up in a couple o' days."

Half-dragging, half-carrying the injured man, Sager got him a few yards farther up the slope, to higher and dryer ground. There he made Canacia as comfortable as possible, built a fire and set about preparing a meal from his own scant store.

Canacia bolted the coarse food wolfishly, gulped cup after cup of black, scalding coffee. When they had eaten Sager heated water in the coffee pot and bathed the exposed portions of the swollen and discolored limb. As he worked he was abusive and solicitous by turns.

"Ye ort to die, Canacia. Hope ye do. Ye ain't fitten to live. Leave yer ol' pardner to traipse off atter a woman less'n half yer age. Old enough to be 'er gran'pa. An' look at my new boots an' shirt. Ruint, plum ruint! Goldang! I'm gonna git ye well, Canacia, an' then kill ye. Be I rubbin' too hard?

"Got to git ye out o' here somehow, pardner," he went on; "down to th' Gulch where ye can have good grub an' doctorin'. Fust thing in th' mornin' I'll light out 'an git some help. Ye ain't wuth it, ye ol' woman-struck fool; but I won't go back on no cripple."

WHEN the first faint light of dawn began to change the inky mists of the canyon to melting gray, Sager mounted to the trail above and struck out for the open country. By great good fortune he intercepted a Mexican returning to the Gulch with an empty freight wagon. Threats, pleading, and the proffer of much gain succeeded finally in enlisting the freighter's aid. They returned to the canyon, constructed a crude litter, and after much sweating and swearing and numerous hairbreadth escapes in negotiating the narrow, tortuous ledges, bore Canacia to the wagon.

And late that night Old Canacia Jim Rainey was established in the best bed in the best room of the Gulch hotel. A doctor was summoned, and while he worked over the injured man, resetting and resplintering the fractured leg, Sager hovered anxiously near.

"Reckon ye can fix Canacia up, doc?" he kept asking. "Reckon ye can fix my ol' pardner up so's he'll be all right agin?"

"I think so," the doctor assured him. "The break should knit and heal in time. Your partner's getting old, tho, and it may be quite a while before he's out again. But he'll still be a pretty good man, I think."

"I hope so," returned Sager, thus encouraged; "I shore hope so, doc. I got a score to settle with Canacia, an' I wouldn't want to go jumpin' on no cripple."

The following day Sager met Judge Gorman on the street. He stepped in front of the judge, blocking his way His grizzled whiskers shot out at a belligerent angle and he cracked one bony first in the other palm.

"See what ye dang near went an' done!" he shouted. "S'pose I hadn't bruck out o' jail an' found my pardner? He'd 'a' died shore, up there with a busted laig an' no grub an' nobody to look atter 'im. By golly, ye law fellers make me sick!"

"Hold on, Sager," cautioned the judge, good-naturedly. "I admit we were a little hasty in locking you up. But in the circumstance it seemed the proper thing to do. You come in here to the Gulch, swearing to kill your partner. Then we learn he's disappeared, leaving no trace of his whereabouts. In the eyes of the law you were either a murderer or a potential murderer, and it was our duty to keep you under surveillance.

"Even now," he concluded, suppressing a smile, "we could send you to the penitentiary for destroying public property. You practically ruined the jail."

"Ye bet yer life I did," stormed the outraged Sager. "I'd a busted out o' hell to git to my ol' pardner."

"Of course we won't take any action," assured the judge, "seeing how things came out. But how is it, Sager, that you are so fond of Canacia, all of a sudden? I thought you were going to kill him on sight?"

"So I was, judge, so I was. But ye don't expect me to go killin' no cripple, do ye? Wait till he's well agin. Wait till he's able to stand up like a man an' perfect hisself. I'll tear his ol' heart out an' feed it to th' magpies."

Canacia Jim Rainey's age and the absence of early surgical attention made his complete recovery slow, even doubtful. But an ironlike constitution, coupled with an indomitable will, at length dragged him thru. Three months later he was able to leave his room and hobble about, supported on one side by a stout cane and on the other by the ever-present Sager. In another month he had discarded his cane and was limping about unassisted.

"Time to go home, Canacia," informed Sager one morning in early fall. "Got to git back to our diggin's pardner. Come rains an' she'll all cave in on us. Ye've caused enough trouble already, ye dodderin' ol' idjit. Reckon ye can make it, Canacia?"

"Huh!" Canacia sneered truculently. "Course I can make it. What ye think I am? A' invalid?"

"Ye're a blamed ol' chuckle-headed, woman-chasin' fool," retorted Sager. "An' 'f I'd 'a' done the right thing I'd 'a' left ye up there fer the kiyotes to feed on. Well, pardner, le's be gittin' ready."

Early the following morning they set out from the Gulch, headed toward their cabin in the hills. Sager, bent under a double load of provisions, was in the lead; Canacia, traveling light, limped along at his heels like an aged but faithful dog.

Judge Gorman and Sheriff Bill Radley chanced to be present when the old men took their departure. They stood, silent for a time, watching the plodding forms recede into the distance.

"Reckon I'd better send a man to sort of keep an eye on Sager for a time, judge?" the sheriff inquired. "He's been doing a lot of talking, you know, and there's no telling what he might do when he gets Canacia up in the hills, away from everybody."

Judge Gorman laughed.

"Sager harm Canacia! Forget it, sheriff. Why, he'd give his life for Canacia, and consider the price cheap. And Canacia'd do the same for him. They couldn't live without one another, Bill. They're getting old, sort of childish, and it's just their way of expressing affection. God bless the old fellows, and take care of them," he concluded fervently.

And even as he finished speaking the querulous voice of Sager, raised in shrill but loving reproof, drifted back to them across the waste.

"Step along there, Canacia. Think we got all year to git home in? By golly, if ye wasn't crippled I'd twist yer ol' fool head off an' stomp it in th' yearth. Laig hurt much, pardner?"

* * *

An Exchange of Wisdom.

"WILL you trade places with me?" asked the farmer who had been sitting in the front seat on the train. "There are a couple of fellows sitting behind me and they are talking about farming. One says that you can't raise cucumbers in clay soil and that they should be plowed early and not allowed to mature in the dark of the moon. The other fellow says that you have to be careful in raising corn because it is full grown before you know it and if it isn't trained right when it is young you can't do anything about it after it has matured. Then the other fellow says he is sure that potatoes have to be thrashed. He happens to know because he has an uncle who has the most carefully reared potatoes in the world, and he always gives them a good sound thrashing.

"I think that if you will change places with me I may be a little better off here in the back seat, unless the people back here are equally wise to the farming game and are showing off their knowledge as hard and as fast as they can. I can hardly keep from jumping up and telling them that every word they're saying is the bunk."

"It wouldn't do any good if you did," replied the man on the back seat of the train. "They wouldn't think you were right even if you explained that you had farmed for forty years and had eleven generations for farmers ahead of you.

"I'm not a farmer myself. I am a carpenter, and I find that everybody nowadays knows all about carpentering. I don't know whether it is because carpentering is taught in the schools and thru the magazines or not. I only know that everybody knows all about my business. The other day I went to put up a shelf in an old ladies' home, and the boss of the home came and watched and criticized me all the time. She wouldn't allow me to use a bobster on it. She said it was careless and lazy to use a bobster."

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said the man in the next to the last seat. "I couldn't help overhearing your conversation. I'm a professional man myself. I can assure you that everybody knows all about everybody else's profession in these days, and people are just as apt to hire a doctor or a lawyer and tell him all about what's the matter with themselves as they are to hire a carpenter and then tell him how to carp.

"People who hire dentists know as much as the dentists do, and are capable of telling the dentist how they want their dentals dented, at the same time cautioning him against the use of chlorine"

"It seems to me," suggested the farmer, carefully marking his place in the book on materia medica which he was carrying, "that people are getting the habit of knowing all about everything. Every one knows all about his own physical ailments and his own house and lot, and then everybody goes and tells everybody else what he has learned until everybody knows everything, and we are still busy learning all the time ——"

"Somebody has taken your seat up front there, and now you'll have to stand up," remarked the man who was occupying the last seat.

* * *

The Length of Lightning.

MUCH of the mystery of the long travel of lightning flashes and the supposedly high voltage necessary to produce them has been solved by Prof. Harris J. Ryan at Stanford University.

Science has had to assume trillions and quadrillions of volts difference in potential between clouds or between clouds and earth according to its old rule for the power behind Jove's thunderbolts, but Professor Ryan says that the relation is logarithmic, which means greatly increased length of discharge for a given difference in voltage when the voltage is high.

In other words, 600,000 volts will cause a discharge of ninety inches, but a million volts is sufficient to discharge 435 inches. When two million volts is reached the current will jump with "seven-league boots" for a distance of twenty-two thousand inches, and with three million volts eighteen miles can be covered in the discharge thru the air. Under the old idea of how far electric sparks or lightning could jump the rule was ten thousand volts per inch of discharge.

Even with this new understanding there is a little temptation to play with lightning, for it is well known that three or four hundred volts is generally fatal if the current passes directly thru the body, and even as low a voltage as the ordinary lighting current at one hundred and ten volts may kill if conditions are just right or if the heart of the person shocked happens to be weak.

* * *

At the Seashore.

Mistress—Nora, look out of the window and see if any person is using the ocean. If not, I shall bathe.

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—Adv.

* * *

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Hero, Shero and Villyun

(Concluded From Page 9.)

thing wrong he'd better remain in the company and keep his eyes open.

The day arrived for the actual taking of pictures. The money for the second week's tuition was paid over to Rev'und Cain. That was well. Bestus had his fake telegram all ready to present to the trusted man, at the end of the week. That telegram stated that the moving picture corporation was satisfied with Bestus' report of his company and that transportation for the crowd would reach Greenville within four days. Rev'und Cain would believe the message genuine. The money, as per agreement, would then be paid over to Bestus, he would make a bluff at organizing a new class and—that night leave Greenville. He felt sure that by that time he could persuade Muscadine to go with him. They could stop in Mobile for the marriage ceremony. Then for new fields. . . . These negroes wouldn't dream that they had been robbed until it was too late for such knowledge to do them any good. He could make some satisfactory explanation to Muscadine. She was only a woman.

Bestus was sure of his ground. Certain that Muscadine was disgusted with Incense. The manner in which Mistuh Gandy had been made ridiculous for the past week was enough to destroy his chances of winning any woman.

He must string his dupes along. The picture making must be gone thru with. It was too easy

Bestus placed his highly ornamented camera in the center of the field. Off to one side was a time-worn flivver—one of the props. Still further away was a flea-bitten pony—another prop.

The directing-camera man jumped for his machine. Muscadine, attired in an old riding skirt almost large enough for a circus tent, trotted across the field. Bestus turned the crank.

"Run, Miss Muscadine?" he shouted. "Run fo' yo' hawss. Git on 'im an' ride down the road. Git ready, Mistuh Gandy. When she git on the hawss you gits atter her in the car. The villyun pursues the shero!"

Muscadine mounted her fiery steed, but not without aid. Bestus and two others had to assist. Finally Bestus turned away: "Now wait right whuh you is ontil I gits back to my camera."

Muscadine waited. Back at the camera Bestus yelled "Go!" Some one slapped the pony. And he went!

Muscadine was no rider. Before that runaway pony had made a dozen leaps she possessed a dislike for horses which would never leave her. Every part of her body ached. And the horse went on—across the field—to the road, Georgiana bound.

The actors and actrusses made a rush to Bestus, demanding to know what was to be done. He didn't know. Bestus was scared—scared as never before in his life. What if Muscadine should be killed?

But Incense was one actor who wasted no time on Bestus. Straight to the flivver he went. A moment later the little machine was coughing down the road in pursuit of the shero and her steed.

HE SAW them disappear around a curve in the road. He kept on, Again he sighted them. And then the horse stopped suddenly. Muscadine kept on—straight over his head—into a sand-bed. The horse trotted off to one side of the road and commenced grazing.

Incense brought his iron steed to a halt and jumped to the ground. Muscadine was unconscious. From a nearby mudhole Incense brought water and dashed it in her face. Her eyes opened.

"Honey——"

She stopped him. "Shut yo' mouth! Git me back to that pitcher fiel'."

"But Honey——"

She refused to speak. Shaking his head, Incense raised her in his arms and placed her in the flivver. He turned the little car and chugged back to the field. The company rushed forward to meet them.

"Muscadine, is you kilt?" "Is yo' bones broke?" "Is you daid?" "Is you scairt?" And a thousand other questions.

Muscadine raised her head. "Whuh Bestus is at?"

No one answered. Muscadine repeated her question. "Whuh at is Bestus? I wants Bestus."

Incense groaned. She wanted Bestus. . . . She had refused to talk to the man who rescued her. That was enough. It was as he had feared. She loved the moving picture man

Finally Muscadine received her answer. It came from Nicodemus Bray. "If'n Bestus is kep' gwine like he stahted he's out'n de county by dis time!"

Muscadine stiffened. "How come?"

"Endurin' de excitement somebody knocked over his movin' pitcher machine. Bestus seed us lookin' at it, an' he commenced runnin'. He was plumb gone befo' us knowed what he was runnin' 'bout. An'—lucky fo' him us couldn't ketch 'im. 'Cause——"

Nicodemus laughed. "Dat machine ain't nothin' but a empty box wid a crank on de side. Co'se Bestus was s'posed to be takin' pitchers an' he couldn't take 'em wid a empty box. Dat means he was gwine fake us somehow. But he didn't stay heah to 'splain how. An'——"

Nicodemus shook his head. "It may be dat he run too quick. If'n he'd staid he might a made us b'lieve de empty box is all right, 'cause, niggahs, us sho' is been swallowin' what he tol' us. Me—I's got de idee dat us is lucky Bestus is got a guilty conscience."

Muscadine whirled and threw her arms about Incense. The movie villyun gasped. "I——"

The shero grinned. "Don' you keer nothin' 'bout me no mo'?"

Incense choked. "Uh-huh! Yeh. But you wouldn't tawk to me back dah on de doad an' I thought you was mad——"

"An' I was mad. I was so mad I was fryin'! An' I wouldn't tawk 'cause I was savin' my bre'f fo' de one which I was mad wid—de niggah which made me ride dat wil' hawss. I was savin' my stren'th, Incense, to——"

She paused and a steely look crept into her eyes. "I was savin' up stren'th to knock dat Bestus niggah cold!"

* * *

Drums of Despair

(Continued From Page 18.)

picious for a moment nothing in the world could have kept him from Cunningham's clutches. But, with the patrol ahead of them, the danger was passed.

Anthony rushed Tarleton up the steps, wakened Tommy Entwisle with his secret raps, and within three minutes Colonel Tarleton was snugly ensconsed under guard.

Then Boyd returned to Whistler's tavern to obtain what rest he could against the great battle. He intended to risk it, knowing that only young Tarleton knew of his identity, for Entwisle had agreed to trap the colonel's brother, and bring him to the Pawling house that very night.

Anthony slept most of the day. At 4 in the afternoon he rose, donned the buckskins of a ranger that he might be fleeter and more agile in the ring, and rode to Water street to meet Samuel Shippin. The little man was white with fright. Probably his mind was so burdened with the fear of losing his ten thousand sovereigns that there was room for nothing else in it.

The weather still continued cold and stormy. The icy rain slanted down in their faces. Under its persistent downpour the hides of their horses glistened, and dripped. The ride was not long enough to injure Anthony, for it had been decided to hold the bout in one of the big barracks in the Northern Liberties, only a five minutes' trot from Water street.

"Now that I am here to fight, Shippin, I want to know those things that are within your knowledge concerning my brother. You must tell me truly what they are."

The little clerk scratched at his spindling white whiskers, and a flush crawled up into his sallow cheeks. "I will tell you, Master Anthony. Christopher is as loyal as you are to the colonies. He is not a spy—neither did he send the condemning letter to the Governor of Bath."

"But he did not deny it!"

"You do not know your brother as I do. Under his reserved and sullen mein is the most sensitive heart in the world. He would believe mere denial to be useless without proof—which, of course, he could not have. As for that, Master Anthony, I sent the letters to the mayor of Bath—imitating Christopher's handwriting—and I warned Colonel Hamilton that your brother was in British pay! I did it to keep you away from the McCall counting-room so that you might not discover my peculations."

Anthony's face grew savage, but he held the grip of self-control.

"I am not a repentant criminal," said Shippin quickly. "Over these months I have made my money. But I do not want to see Mistress Peggy in want. So I have taken ten thousand pounds more from the business to win back for her what I have stolen."

"You beast!" said Boyd, swinging down from his horse before the barracks.

The little clerk said nothing, but followed him into the building.

They were all there in the gloomy, dirt-floored room—the officers of the Philadelphia garrison—in flashing scarlet and gold, laughing and bantering. They were good fellows, most of them, and willing to wager their last farthing on any game that gave a sporting chance. Boyd they greeted with high good humor. The story of his prowess was current gossip, and many an officer was willing to wager a year's pay on his chances of beating Cunningham's champion.

Anthony was sufficiently confident He had proven to his own satisfaction in England that there was only one pugilist—whether a professional or one o' the gentry—who could best him with the mauleys. That man was the champion, kindly Jonathan Jenifer, who had helped him escape from Old Mill Prison. So it seemed to Boyd that there was small chance of him losing to this unknown English private.

As for young Tarleton, there was little fear from his wagging tongue, for Tommy Entwisle had laid him by the heels neatly enough in the same room with the blustering dragoon of a brother.

The ring was pitched and all arrangements made. A crowd of officers thronged the room They set up a shout—half of welcome, half defiance—as Anthony, stripped to the waist, vaulted into the ring.

His opponent sat on a stool in the opposite corner, and Boyd, advancing to shake him by the hand, stopped, mouth a-gape

This soldier, Watson, was none other than Jonathan Jenifer, the champion of England!

Here was a stunning jolt for Anthony right at the send-off. Clever as he might be at the fistic game, he could not hope to beat his old tutor, the proud champion of England. Failure to win the contest meant the loss of ten thousand pounds and the downfall of the old and honorable house of Alexander and Hector McCall, and with it the hopes and fortunes of himself, brother Christopher and Peggy; even more than all that, the complete triumph of the detested Cunningham in money and desires. The result of the old-fashioned ring bout—London prise ring rules—will be given in the concluding part of the story, in next week's Ledger.

* * *

Success Within One's Self.

DOES success come from within or without? For answer search the lives of Lincoln, Grant, Hill, Edison, Whitney, Garfield, Cleveland, Rockefeller, Schwab and a host of others.

Was it environment that shaped their careers? Or was it a force within that impelled them to the seats of the mighty?

Each of those mentioned here has testified to the substantial values of thrift as a foundation for character building. It was the understanding of the significance of self-denial as the very basis of personal power that started them aright

There is not much romance in the practices of patient economy. But those greater romances of immense human success began in the humble prosaic routine of careful savings. Remember that.

Much is being said today about starting the boy or girl off right. No finer gift, no more valuable heritage could be given to any young person than a thoro understanding of the fact that all real success must come from within.

Going Thru the Motions.

"This patient is violent."

"Before his breakdown he led a jazz orchestra."

"I see."

"And he still thinks he's calling on the saxophones."

WOMAN COULD NOT WORK

Made Strong and Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

St. Paul, Minn.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a tired, worn-out feeling and painful periods. I used to get up with a pain in my head and pains in my lowerparts and back. Often I was not able to do my work. I read in your little book about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I have taken it. I feel so well and strong and can do every bit of my work and not a pain in my back now. I recommend your medicine and you can use this letter as a testimonial." — Mrs. PHIL. MASER, 801 Winslow St., St. Paul, Minn.

Just another case where a woman found relief by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Many times these tired, worn-out feelings and pains about the body are from troubles only women have. The Vegetable Compound is especially adapted for just this condition. The good results are noted by the disagreeable symptoms passing away—one after another.

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And, besides, she has soft brown hair that you can comb and curl, and the cutest little dress that you can take off and put on. Won't it be heaps of fun to waken Betty Blue Eyes from her sleep, spank her if she cries (for she really can cry out loud), and then get her all ready to take a walk?

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All you need to do is to send us your name and address saying you want Betty Blue Eyes for your own. We will then send you 8 beautiful pictures—copies of famous paintings to distribute among your friends and neighbors on our easy plan. You can easily do this the same day you get the pictures For doing this, we will send you, FREE and POSTPAID, beautiful Betty Blue Eyes—the wonderful walking, sleeping, crying doll. Sit right down and mail your name to us TODAY!

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HOT OFF THE JOKESMITH'S ANVIL
OUCH

ONE, AND INSEPARABLE

THE street car stopped. A man, followed by a dog, boarded the car.

"See here, man, where are you going with that dog?" asked the conductor.

"In the car," answered the man.

"No, you ain't. The law forbids animals on the cars."

"But I am going to pay his fare."

"But I am not going to take no fare for a dog. If you were to offer me a dollar I wouldn't dare take it."

"Conductor," said the man, as he scratched his head. "Did you ever read about Damon and Pythias?"

"I don't care whether I did or not. Come now, hurry up."

But the man did not hurry. Holding up his hand, he said:

"I am Damon and my dog is Pythias. Where I go, he goes, and where he goes, I go. We are one and inseparable. If he dies, I die and vice versa."

And, as the car moved on, the man shouted out:

"One and i-n-s-e-p-a-r-a-b-l-e, conductor!"

◆

A Mean Disposition.

"Please, sir," whined the beggar, "will you gimme a dime?"

"No!" snarled the irascible citizen.

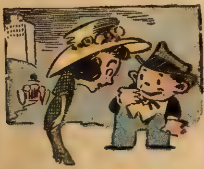
"You wouldn't even gimme a few kind words, would you, boss?"

"Certainly not."

"Well," said the beggar, as he edged away, "maybe you've got your good points, but I'll bet you ain't no treat to your family."

◆

Keeps It Dark.



"When night falls I don't believe it wants anybody to know anything about it."

"Why, what can you mean?"

"When night falls it keeps it dark, doesn't it?"

◆

Father Knew Better.

"Well, dad, here we are," said the young man who had persuaded his father to attend a boxing match. "I'll warrant you'll get more excitement for your $2 than you ever got in your life before."

"Huh! I doubt that," grunted the old man. "Two dollars was all I paid for my marriage license."

◆

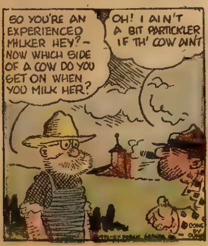
Games and Kings.

"Poker," said Cactus Joe, "is a game fit for kings."

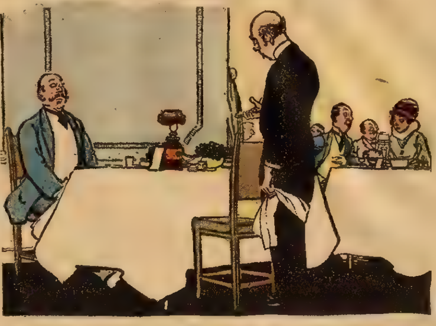
"Maybe 'tis," commented Three-finger Sam. "I ain't read a whole lot o' history, but such as I have peered into has showed me mighty few kings smart enough fur poker."

◆

SOLID IVORY


SO YOU'RE AN EXPERIENCED MILKER HEY?—NOW WHICH SIDE OF A COW DO YOU GET ON WHEN YOU MILK HER?
OH! I AIN'T A BIT PARTICKLER IF TH' COW AIN'T

THE LONG WAIT



The Diner—How much longer must I wait for that half-chicken I ordered?
The Waiter—I'm sorry, sir, but we are waiting to sell the other half!

THAT WAS DIFFERENT

THEY were having a prizefight in a building, at Coney Island, and a woman was hanging around the door. When she was asked what she wanted she answered:

"It's my Mike who is one of the fighters. Will you tell me how the fight is going?"

"Yes, I will," was the reply. "Your Mike has knocked the fellow down nine times."

"Glory, glory be!" shouted the woman.

"But, you see," said her informant, "the other man has knocked your Mike down ten times and was going to make it eleven just as I came out."

"Oh, that's it," said the disappointed woman. "Then I had better go home and get my club ready for Mike, for I told him he would get his head cracked if he did not win the fight."

◆

Ground for Suspicion.

"Would you marry a man for money?"

"No," replied Miss Cayenne, "but I should regard the lack of it as ground for suspicion that he wasn't a good business man, and therefore hesitate to depend on him for a home's happiness."

◆

AN INCONVENIENCE

A MISSION worker rescued an old woman from the slums and got her settled in a decent up-to-date lodging-house. A week or two later he called on her to inquire how she was getting on. She seemed all right, but looked unhappy.

"Isn't everything all right?" he asked.

"Oh, yes I s'pose so," replied the old woman, "but there is no denyin' the old place was handy. When I wanted a bit of firewood I could always go and chop it out of the stairs. Here it's all stone steps and iron railings."

◆

Hope Long Deferred.

"Pa?"

"Well, son?"

"What does moratorium mean?"

"A period of mourning, son."

"I thought it meant something about not paying debts."

"It does. The people who can't collect the debts do the mourning."

◆

Result of a Practical Joke.

"Poor old Joe is dead—and all thru a practical joke."

"How?"

"He stuck his head into a Belfast house and shouted 'Fire!' "

"Yes?"

"They did!"

◆

Consoling.

Bride-to-Be—My only worry is about mother. She's bound to miss me terribly.

Friend of the Family—Ah, well, she can't complain. After all, she's had you longer than most mothers keep their daughters.

A Suspicious Look.

Uncle Titus Wadde—Bobby, if you'd run over to the store for me I'll give you a dime for your trouble.

Bobby—What's the matter with the dime? Has it got a hole in it?

◆

Not in the Ledger.

Wigg—Burglars broke into the bookkeeper's house twice.

Wagg—That sort of double entry was quite out of his line, I suppose.

◆

QUITE ABSURD

IN THE summer of 1900, a party of surveyors was working thru the state of Arkansas, surveying and locating the Midland Valley road. One day the surveying corps stopped at a farmhouse and shouted for the farmer.

The Arkansan came out, and the surveyors asked him if they could get a drink.

"Certainly, boys," he said. "I'll give you the best I've got, and the best I've got is buttermilk."

"That will be fine," the surveyors said, and the old farmer gave each of the gang a glass of buttermilk.

"It's mighty good," said one of the surveyors to the leader.

"Yes, indeed," said the leader, "but it would be better if we had some ice to put in it." Then, turning to the farmer, he added: "Have you any ice?"

"Ice!" shouted the farmer, tugging at his whiskers. "Ice! Who ever heard of ice in July?"

◆

A Painful Contrast.

"I got even with an old school-teacher who used to thrash me when I was a boy," remarked Mr. Wadleigh.

"How did you do it?"

"I gave him a lift in my limousine. The opportunity to calculate my income and contrast it with his salary probably spoiled his day."

◆

Admittance Free.

"You can't spend money now to get into office."

"I'm glad of it," replied Senator Sorghum. "There is a something in every man's nature that makes it a peculiar satisfaction to be a deadhead."

◆

Tactics.

"Do yo usuppose Cincinnatus really went back to the plow?"

"Long enough to campaign, boy," replied Senator Flubdub. "It's an old trick in the political game."

◆

Nothing Else to Do.

"Estelle, why did you bite your sister?"

"I couldn't help it, Auntie; she was holding both my arms."

◆

A Gentle Hint.

"Is your watch going, Mr. Staylate?"

"Yes."

"How soon?"

The Peacemaker.

"For th' love o' Mike, Jiggs, what's the matter with your right ear?"

"Oh, that was the nearest part of me to Jones when I tried to arbitrate a dispute between him and his wife."

"Gee! He socked your left ear, too, didn't he?"

"Naw. She was over on that side!"

◆

Might Prefer the Other Place.

"Do you suppose jazz musicians will go to heaven?"

"Maybe so," replied Mr. Grumpsen. "According to the modern idea, nearly everybody is going to heaven, but I won't present my credentials to St. Peter until I find out whether or not they'll have to check their horns at the gate."

◆

ONCE, ALSO

"YES," observed a boastful business man to his actor friend, "your profession may be a very lofty one in an artistic sense, but that of a successful merchant is much better. Look at me! At the early age of 45, retired on my fortune and presented by my fellow merchants with an illuminated address! Can you boast of anything like that? Have you ever had an illuminated address?"

"I have," replied the actor—"once."

"When?" asked the merchant.

"Why," replied the actor, "when my lodgings caught fire."

◆

Yes, Mother, You Might Try It.

Danny—Mamma, are you going to get that fur coat from papa for your birthday?

Mamma—No, darling.

Danny—Have you tried throwing yourself on the floor and kicking with your feet like I do?

◆

Her Fear.

"I don't want to sit beside Josephine," said 5-year-old Margaret.

"Why not, dear?"

"'Cause she's got freckles and I might catch them."

◆

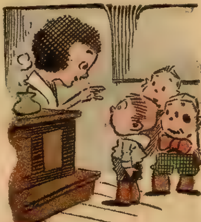
No Place Like Home.

"Do you think a woman in the home is happier than the woman in politics?"

"No doubt about it," replied Mr. Weekton. "In the home she can be absolutely sure of having her own way."

◆

Brought Down the House.



S. S. Teacher—Willie, do you think that great audience of Philistines appreciated Samson's wonderful strength?

Willie—Sure! Didn't he bring down the house?

◆

Willie Willis.

A local newspaper was paying children for news items, and little Willie Willis handed in this: "There was a offal smell in our alley Munday which proved to be a cat what had past away a long time befoar that. The caws is not nown."

◆

Sometimes Gets Reversed.

"A telephone girl always reminds me of a pictured saint."

"Why?"

"There's a continual 'hello' around her head."

◆

Experienced.

Cholly—Is Miss Blank in?

Maid—No, sir.

Cholly—Just ask her again, will you? She may have changed her mind.

Riders of the Purple Sage

(Continued From Page 11)

do with it. The truth is I'm afraid of lightning and thunder, and thunderclaps hurt my head. If we have a bad storm, will you stay close by me?"

"Yes."

WHEN they got back to camp the afternoon was closing, and it was exceedingly sultry. Not a breath of air stirred the aspen leaves, and when these did not quiver the air was indeed still. The dark purple clouds moved almost imperceptibly out of the west.

"What have we for supper?" asked Bess.

"Rabbit."

"Bern, can't you think of another new way to cook rabbit?" went on Bess, with earnes'ness.

"What do think I am—a magician?" retorted Venters.

"I wouldn't dare tell you. But, Bern, do you want me to turn into a rabbit?"

There was a dark-blue, merry flashing of eyes, and a parting of lips; then she laughed. In that moment she was naive and wholesome.

"Rabbit seems to agree with you," replied Venters. "You are well and strong—and browing very pretty."

Anything in the nature of compliment he had never before said to her, and just now he responded to a sudden curiosity to see its effect. Bess stared as if she had not heard aright, slowly blushed, and completely lost her poise in happy confusion.

"I'd better go right away," he continued, "and fetch supplies from Cottonwoods."

A startling swift change in the nature of her agitation made him reproach himself for his abruptness.

"No, no, don't go!" she said. "I didn't mean—that about the rabbit. I—I was only trying to be—funny. Don't leave me all alone!"

"Bess, I must go some time."

"Wait then. Wait till after the storms."

The purple cloud-bank darkened the lower edge of the setting sun, crept up obscuring its fiery red heart, and finally passed over the last ruddy crescent of its upper rim.

The intense dead silence awakened to a long, low, rumbling roll of thunder.

"Oh!" cried Bess, nervously.

"We've had big black clouds before this without rain," said Venters. "But there's no doubt about that thunder. The storms are coming. I'm glad. Every rider on the sage will hear that thunder with glad ears."

Venters and Bess finished their simple meal and the few tasks around the camp, then faced the open terrace, the valley, and the west, to watch and await the approaching storm.

It required keen vision to see any movement whatever in the purple clouds. By infinitesimal degrees the dark cloudline merged upward into the golden red haze of the afterglow of sunset. A shadow lengthened from under the western wall across the valley. As straight and rigid as steel rose the delicate spear-pointed silver spruces; the aspen leaves, by nature pendant and quivering, hung limp and heavy; no slender blade of grass moved. A gentle splashing of water came from the ravine. Then again from out of the west sounded the low, dull, and rumbling roll of thunder.

A wave, a ripple of light, a trembling and turning of the aspen leaves, like the approach of a breeze on the water, crossed the valley from the west; and the lull and the deadly stillness and the sultry air passed away on a cool wind.

The night bird of the canyon, with his clear and melancholy notes, announced the twilight. And from all along the cliffs rose the faint murmur and moan and mourn of the wind singing in the caves. The bank of clouds now swept hugely out of the western sky. Its front was purple and black with gray between, a bulging, mushrooming, vast thing instinct with storm. It had a dark, angry, threatening aspect. As if all the power of the winds were pushing and piling behind, it rolled ponderously across the sky. A red flare burned out instantaneously, flashed from west to east, and died. Then from the deepest black of the purple cloud burst a boom. It was like the bowling of a huge bowlder along the crags and ramparts, and seemed to roll on and fall into the valley to bound and bang and boom from cliff to cliff.

"Oh!" cried Bess, with her hands over her ears. "What did I tell you?"

"Why, Bess, be reasonable," said Venters.

"I'm a coward."

"Not quite that, I hope. It's strange you're afraid. I love a storm."

"I tell you a storm down in these canyons is an awful thing. I know Oldring hated storms. His men were afraid of them. There was one who went deaf in a bad storm, and never could hear again."

"Maybe I've lots to learn, Bess. I'll lose my guess if this storm isn't bad enough. We're going to have heavy wind first, then lightning and thunder, then the rain. Let's stay out as long as we can."

The tips of the cottonwoods and the oaks waved to the east, and the rings of aspen along the terraces twinkled their myriad of bright faces in fleet and glancing gleam. A low roar rose from the leaves of the forest, and the spruces swished in the rising wind. It came in gusts, with light breezes between.

As it increased in strength the lulls shortened in length till there was a strong and steady blow all the time, and violent puffs at intervals, and sudden whirling currents. The clouds spread over the valley, rolling swiftly and low, and twilight faded into a sweeping darkness.

Then the singing of the wind in the caves drowned the swift roar of rustling leaves; then the song swelled to a mourning, moaning wail; then with the gathering power of the wind the wail changed to a shriek. Steadily the wind strengthened and constantly the strange sound changed.

The last bit of blue sky yielded to the onsweep of clouds. Like angry surf the pale gleams of gray, amid the purple of that scudding front, swept beyond the eastern rampart of the valley. The purple deepened to black. Broad sheets of lightning flared over the western wall. There were not yet any ropes of zigzag streaks darting down thru the gathering darkness. The storm center was still beyond Surprise Valley.

"Listen! . . . Listen!" cried Bess, with her lips close to Venters' ear. "You'll hear Oldring's knell!"

"What's that?"

"Oldring's knell. When the wind blows a gale in the cave it makes what the rustlers call Oldring's knell. They believe it bodes his death. I think he believes so too. It's not like any sound on earth. . . . It's beginning. Listen!"

The gale swooped down with a hollow, unearthly howl. It yelled and pealed and shrilled and shrieked. It was made up of a thousand piercing cries. It was a rising and moving sound. Beginning at the western break of the valley it rushed along each gigantic cliff, whistling into the caves and cracks, to mount in power, to bellow a blast thru the great stone bridge. Gone, as into an engulfing roar of surging waters, it seemed to shoot back and begin all over again.

It was only wind, thought Venters. Here sped and shrieked the sculptor that carved out the wonderful caves in the cliffs. It was only a gale, but as Venters listened, as his ears became accustomed to the fury and strife, out of it all or thru it or above it, pealed low and perfectly clear and persistently uniform a strange sound that had no counterpart in all the sounds of the elements. It was not of earth or of life. It was the grief and agony of the gale. A knell of all upon which it blew!

BLACK night enfolded the valley. Venters could not see his companion, and knew of her presence only thru the tightening hold of her hand on his arm. He felt the dogs huddle closer to him. Suddenly the dense, black vault overhead split astunder to a blue-white, dazzling streak of lightning. The whole valley lay vividly clear and luminously bright in his sight.

Upreared, vast and magnificent, the stone bridge glimmered like some grand god of storm in the lightning's fire. Then all flashed black again—blacker than pitch—a thick, impenetrable coal-blackness. And there came a ripping, crashing report. Instantly an echo resounded with clapping crash. The initial report was nothing to the echo. It was a terrible, living, reverberating, detonating crash. The wall threw the sound across, and could have made no greater roar if it had slipped in avalanche.

From cliff to cliff the echo went in crashing retort and banged in lessening power, and boomed in thinner volume, and clapped weaker and weaker till a final clap could not reach across to waiting cliff.

In the pitchy darkness Venters led Bess, and, groping his way, by feel of hand found the entrance to her cave and lifted her up. On the instant a blinding flash of lightning illumined the cave and all about him. He saw Bess' face white now with dark, frightened eyes. He saw the dogs leap up, and he followed suit. The golden glare vanished; all was black; then came the splitting crack and the infernal din of echoes.

Bess shrank closer to him and closer, found his hands, and pressed them tightly over her ears, and dropped her face upon his shoulder, and hid her eyes.

Then the storm burst with a succession of ropes and streaks and shafts of lightning, playing continuously, filling the valley with a broken radiance; and the cracking shots followed each other swiftly till the echoes blended in one fearful, deafening crash.

Venters looked out upon the beautiful valley—beautiful now as never before—mystic in its transparent, luminous gloom, weird in the quivering, golden haze of lightning.

The dark spruces were tipped with glimmering lights; the aspens bent low in the winds, as waves in a tempest at sea; the forest of oaks tossed wildly and shone with gleams of fire. Across the valley the huge cavern of the cliff-dwellers yawned in the glare, every little black window as clear as at noonday, but the night and the storm added to their tragedy.

Flung arching to the black clouds, the great stone bridge seemed to bear the brunt of the storm. It caught the full fury of the rushing wind. It lifted its noble crown to meet the lightnings. Venters thought of the eagles and their lofty nest in a niche under the arch. A driving pall of rain, black as the clouds, came sweeping on to obscure the bridge and the gleaming walls and the shining valley.

The lightning played incessantly, streaking down thru opaque darkness of rain. The roar of the wind, with its strange knell and the recrashing echoes, mingled with the roar of the flooding rain, and all seemingly were deadened and drowned in a world of sound.

In the dimming pale light Venters looked down upon the girl. She had sunk into his arms, upon his breast, burying her face. She clung to him. He felt the softness of her, and the warmth, and the quick heave of her breast. He saw the dark, slender graceful outline of her form. A woman lay in his arms! And he held her closer. He who had been alone in the sad, silent watches of the night was now and never must be again alone. He who had yearned for the touch of a hand felt the long tremble and the heart-beat of a woman. By what strange chance had she come to love him! By what change—by what marvel had she grown into a treasure!

No more did he listen to the rush and roar of the thunder-storm. For with the touch of clinging hands and the throbbing bosom he grew conscious of an inward storm—the tingling of new chords of thought, strange music of unheard, joyous bells, sad dreams dawning to wakeful delight, dissolving doubt, re-

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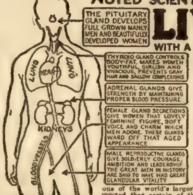
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CHAPTER XIV.

WEST WIND.

WHEN the storm abated Venters sought his own cave, and late in the night, as his blood cooled and the stir and throb and thrill subsided, he fell asleep.

With the breaking of dawn his eyes unclosed. The valley lay drenched and bathed, a burnished oval of glittering green. The rain-washed walls glistened in the morning light. Waterfalls of many forms poured over the rims. One, a broad, lacy sheet, thin as smoke, slid over the western notch and struck a ledge in its downward fall, to bound into broader leap, to burst far below into white and gold and rosy mist.

Venters prepared for the day, knowing himself a different man.

"It's a glorious morning," said Bess, in greeting.

"Yes. After the storm the west wind," he replied.

"Last night was I—very much of a baby?" she asked, watching him.

"Pretty much."

"Oh, I couldn't help it!"

"I'm glad you were afraid."

"Why?" she asked, in slow surprise.

"I'll tell you some day," he answered, soberly. Then around the camp fire and thru the morning meal he was silent; afterward he strolled thoughtfully off alone along the terrace. He climbed a great yellow rock raising its crest among the spruces, and there he sat down to face the valley and the west.

"I love her!"

Aloud he spoke—unburdened his heart—confessed his secret. For an instant the golden valley swam before his eyes, and the walls waved, and all about him whirled with tumult within.

"I love her! . . . I understand now."

Reviving memory of Jane Withersteen and thought of the complications of the present amazed him with proof of how far he had drifted from his old life. He discovered that he hated to take up the broken threads, to delve into dark problems and difficulties. In this beautiful valley he had been living a beautiful dream. Tranquillity had come to him, and the joy of solitude, and interest in all the wild creatures and crannies of this incomparable valley—and love. Under the shadow of the great stone bridge God had revealed Himself to Venters.

"The world seems very far away," he muttered, "but it's there—and I'm not yet done with it. Perhaps I never shall be. . . . Only—how glorious it would be to live here always and never think again!"

Whereupon the resurging reality of the present, as if in irony of his wish, steeped him instantly in contending thought. Out of it all he presently evolved these things; he must go to Cottonwoods; he must bring supplies back to Surprise Valley; he must cultivate the soil and raise corn and stock, and, most imperative of all, he must decide the future of the girl who loved him and whom he loved.

The first of these things required tremendous effort; the last one, concerning Bess, seemed simply and naturally easy of accomplishment. He would marry her. Suddenly, as from roots of poisonous fire, flamed up the forgotten truth concerning her. It seemed to wither and shrivel up all his joy on its hot, tearing way to his heart. She had been Oldring's Masked Rider. To Venter's question, "What were you to Oldring?" she had answered with scarlet shame and drooping head.

"What do I care who she is or what she was!" he cried, passionately. And he knew it was not his old self speaking. It was this softer, gentler man who had awakened to new thoughts in the quiet valley. Tenderness, masterful in him now, matched the absence of joy and blunted the knife-edge of entering jealousy. Strong and passionate effort of will, surprising to him, held back the poison from piercing his soul.

"Wait! . . . Wait!" he cried, as if calling. His hand pressed his breast, and he might have called to the pang there. "Wait! It's all so strange—so wonderful. Anything can happen. Who am I to judge her? I'll glory in my love for her. But I can't tell it—can't give up to it."

Certainly he could not then decide her future. Marrying her was impossible in Surprise Valley and in any village south of Sterling. Even without the mask she had once worn she would easily have been recognized as Oldring's Rider. No man who had ever seen her would forget her, regardless of his ignorance as to her sex.

Then more poignant than all other argument was the fact that he did not want to take her away from Surprise Valley. He resisted all thought of that. He had brought her to the most beautiful and wildest place of the uplands; he had saved her, nursed her back to strength, watched her bloom as one of the valley lilies; he knew her life there to be pure and sweet—she belonged to him, and he loved her.

Still these were not all the reasons why he did not want to take her away. Where could they go? He feared the rustlers—he feared the riders—he feared the Mormons. And if he should ever succeed in getting Bess safely away from these immediate perils he feared the sharp eyes of women and their tongues, the big outside world with its problems of existence. He must wait to decide her future, which, after all, was deciding his own. But between her future and his something hung impending. Like Balancing Rock, which waited darkly over the steep gorge ready to close forever the outlet to Deception Pass, that nameless thing, as certain yet intangible as fate, must fall and close forever all doubts and fears of the future.

"I've dreamed," muttered Venters, as he rose. "Well, why not? . . . To dream is happiness! But let me just once see this clearly, wholly; then I can go on dreaming till the thing falls. I've got to tell Jane Witherspoon. I've dangerous trips to take. I've work here to make comfort for this girl. She's mine. I'll fight to keep her safe from that old life. I've already seen her forget it. I love her. And if a beast ever rises in me, I'll burn my hand off before I lay it on her with shameful intent. And, by God! sooner or later I'll kill the man who hid her and kept her in Deception Pass!"

AS HE spoke the west wind softly blew in his face. It seemed to soothe his passion. That west wind was fresh, cool, fragrant, and it carried a sweet, strange burden of far-off things—tidings of life in other climes, of sunshine asleep on other walls—of other places where reigned peace. It carried, too, sad truth of human hearts and mystery—of promise and hope unquenchable. Surprise Valley was only a little niche in the wide world whence blew that burdened wind. Bess was only one of millions at the mercy of unknown motive in nature and life.

Content had come to Venters in the valley; happiness had breathed in the slow, warm air; love as bright as light had hovered over the walls and descended to him; and now on the west wind came a whisper of the eternal triumph of faith over doubt.

"How much better I am for what has come to me!" he exclaimed. "I'll let the future take care of itself. Whatever falls I'll be ready."

Venters retraced his steps along the terrace back to camp, and found Bess in the old familiar seat, waiting and watching for his return.

"I went off by myself to think a little," he explained.

"You never looked that way before. What—what is it? Won't you tell me?"

"Well, Bess, the fact is I've been dreaming a lot. This valley makes a fellow dream. So I forced myself to think. We can't live this way much longer. Soon I'll simply have to go to Cottonwoods. We need a whole pack train of supplies. I can get——"

"Can you go safely?" she interrupted.

"Why, I'm sure of it. I'll ride thru the Pass at night. I haven't any fear that Wrangle isn't just where I left him. And once on him—Bess, just wait till you see that horse!"

"Oh! I want to see him—to ride him. But—but, Bern, this is what troubles me," she said. "Will—will you come back?"

"Give me four days. If I'm not back in four days you'll know I'm dead. For that only shall keep me."

"Oh!"

"Bess, I'll come back. There's danger—I wouldn't lie to you—but I can take care of myself."

"Bern, I'm sure—oh, I'm sure of it! All my life I've watched hunted men. I can tell what's in them. And I believe you can ride and shoot and see with any rider of the sage. It's not—not that I—fear."

"Well, what is it, then?"

"Why—why—why should you come back at all?"

"I couldn't leave you here alone."

"You might change your mind when you get to the village—among old friends——"

"I won't change my mind. As for old friends——" He uttered a short, expressive laugh.

"Then—there—there must be a—woman!" Dark red mantled the clear tan of temple and cheek and neck. Her eyes were eyes of shame, upheld a long moment by intense, straining search for the verification of her fear. Suddenly they drooped, her head fell to her knees, her hands flew to her hot cheeks.

"Bess—look here," said Venters, with a sharpness due to the violence with which he checked his quick, surging emotion.

As if compelled against her will—answering to an irresistible voice—Bess raised her head, looked at him with sad, dark eyes, and tried to whisper with tremulous lips.

"There's no woman," went on Venters, deliberately holding her glance with his. "Nothing on earth, barring the chances of life, can keep me away."

Her face flashed and flushed with the glow of a leaping joy; but like the vanishing of a gleam it disappeared to leave her as he had never beheld her.

"I am nothing—I am lost—I am nameless!"

"Do you want me to come back?" he asked, with sudden stern coldness. "Maybe you want to go back to Oldring!"

That brought her erect, trembling and ashy pale, with dark, proud eyes and mute lips refuting his insinuation.

"Bess, I beg your pardon. I shouldn't have said that. But you angered me. I intend to work—to make a home for you here—to be a—a brother to you as long as ever you need me. And you must forget what you are—were—I mean, and be happy. When you remember that old life you are bitter, and it hurts me."

"I was happy—I shall be very happy. Oh, you're so good that—that it kills me! If I think, I can't believe it. I grow sick with wondering why. I'm only a—let me say it—only a lost, nameless—girl of the rustlers. Oldring's Girl, they called me. That you should save me—be so good and kind—want to make me happy—why, it's beyond belief. No wonder I'm wretched at the thought of your leaving me. But I'll be wretched and bitter no more. I promise you. If only I could repay you even a little——"

"You've repaid me a hundredfold. Will you believe me?"

"Believe you! I couldn't do else."

"Then listen! . . . Saving you, I saved myself. Living here in this valley with you, I've found myself. I've learned to think while I was dreaming. I never troubled myself about God. But God, or some wonderful spirit, has whispered to me here. I absolutely deny the truth of what you say about yourself. I can't explain it. There are things too deep to tell. Whatever the terrible wrongs you've suffered, God holds you blameless. I see that—feel that in you every moment you are near me. I've a mother and a sister 'way back in Illinois. If I could I'd take you to them—tomorrow."

"If it were true! Oh, I might—I might lift my head!" she cried.

"Lift it then—you child. For I swear it's true."

She did lift her head with the singular wild grace always a part of her actions, with that old unconscious intimation of innocence which always tortured Venters; but now with something more—a spirit rising from the depths that linked itself to his brave words.

"I've been thinking—too," she cried, with quivering smile and swelling breast. "I've discovered myself—too. I'm young—I'm alive—I'm so full —oh! I'm a woman!"

"Bess, I belive I can claim credit of that last discovery—before you," Venters said, and laughed.

"Oh, there's more—there's something I must tell you."

"Tell it then."

"When will you go to Cottonwoods?"

"As soon as the storms are past, or the worst of them."

"I'll tell you before you go. I can't now. I don't know how I shall then. But it must be told. I'd never let you leave me without knowing. For in spite of what you say there's a chance you mightn't come back."

DAY after day the west wind blew across the valley. Day after day the clouds clustered gray and purple and black. The cliffs sang and the caves rang with Oldring's knell, and the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, the echoes crashed and crashed, and the rains flooded the valley. Wild flowers sprang up everywhere, swaying with the lengthening grass on the terraces, smiling wanly from shady nooks, peeping wondrously from year-dry crevices of the walls.

The valley bloomed into a paradise. Every single moment, from the breaking of the gold bar thru the bridge at dawn on to the reddening of rays over the western wall, was one of colorful change. The valley swam in thick, transparent haze, golden at dawn, warm and white at noon, purple in the twilight. At the end of every storm a rainbow curved down into the leaf-bright forest to shine and fade and leave lingeringly some faint essence of its rosy iris in the air.

Venters walked with Bess, once more in a dream, and watched the lights change on the walls, and faced the wind from out of the west.

Always it brought softly to him strange, sweet tidings of far-off things. It blew down the grooves of time. It brought a story of the passing hours. It breathed low of fighting men and praying women. It sang clearly the song of love. That ever was the burden of its tidings—youth in the shady woods, waders thru the wet meadows, boy and girl at the hedgerow stile, bathers in the booming surf, sweet, idle hours on grassy hills, long strolls down moonlit lanes—everywhere in far-off lands, fingers locked and bursting hearts and longing lips—from all the world tidings of unquenchable love.

Often, in these hours of dreams, he watched the girl, and asked himself of what was she dreaming? For the changing light of the valley reflected its gleam and its color and its meaning in the

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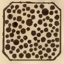

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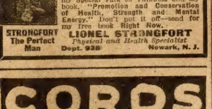

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30x3	$7.25	$1.10	33x4½	20.15	1.80
30x3½	8.95	1.30	34x4½	20.75	1.85
32x3½	11.50	1.35	35x4	21.95	1.90
31x4	12.75	1.40	36x4½	24.20	2.00
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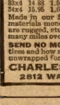

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changing light of her eyes. He saw in them infinitely more than he saw in his dreams. He saw thought and soul and nature—strong vision of life. All tidings the west wind blew from distance and age he found deep in those dark-blue depths, and found them mysteries solved. Under their wistful shadow he softened, and in the softening felt himself grow a sadder, a wiser, and a better man.

While the west wind blew its tidings, filling his heart full, teaching him a man's part, the days passed, the purple clouds changed to white, and the storms were over for that summer.

"I must go now," he said.

"When?" she asked.

"At once—tonight."

"I'm glad the time has come. It dragged at me. Go—for you'll come back the sooner."

Late in the afternoon, as the ruddy sun split its last flame in the ragged notch of the western wall, Bess walked with Venters along the eastern terrace, up the long, weathered slope, under the great stone bridge. They entered the narrow gorge to climb around the fence long before built there by Venters. Farther than this she had never been. Twilight had already fallen in the gorge. It brightened to waning shadow in the wider ascent. He showed her Balancing Rock, of which he had often told her, and explained its sinister leaning over the outlet. Shuddering, she looked down the long, pale incline with its closed-in, toppling walls.

"What an awful trail! Did you carry me up here?"

"I did, surely," replied he.

"It frightens me, somehow. Yet I never was afraid of trails. I'd ride anywhere a horse could go, and climb where he couldn't. But there's something fearful here. I feel as—as if the place was watching me."

"Look at this rock. It's balanced here—balanced perfectly. You know I told you the cliff-dwellers cut the rock, and why. But they're gone and the rock waits. Can't you see—feel how it waits here? I moved it once, and I'll never dare again. A strong heave would start it. Then it would fall and bang, and smash that crag, and jar the walls, and close forever the outlet to Deception Pass!"

"Ah! . . . When you come back I'll steal up here, and push and push with all my might to roll the rock and close forever the outlet to the Pass!" She said it lightly, but in the undercurrent of her voice was a heavier note, a ring deeper than any ever given mere play of words.

"Bess! . . . You can't dare me! Wait till I come back with supplies—then roll the stone."

"I—was—in—fun." Her voice now throbbed low. "Always you must be free to go when you will. Go now . . . this place presses on me—stifles me."

"I'm going—but you had something to tell me?"

"Yes. . . . Will you—come back?"

"I'll come if I live."

"But—but you mightn't come?"

"That's possible, of course. It'll take a good deal to kill me. A man couldn't have a faster horse or keener dog. And, Bess, I've guns, and I'll use them if I'm pushed. But don't worry."

"I've faith in you. I'll not worry until after four days. Only—because you mightn't come—I must tell you——"

She lost her voice. Her pale face, her great, glowing, earnest eyes, seemed to stand alone out of the gloom of the gorge. The dog whined, breaking the silence.

"I must tell you—because you mightn't come back," she whispered. "You must know what—what I think of your goodness—of you. Always I've been tongue-tied. I seemed not to be grateful. It was deep in my heart. Even now—if I were other than I am—I couldn't tell you. But I'm nothing—only a rustler's girl—nameless—infamous. You've saved me—and I'm—I'm yours to do with as you like . . . with all my heart and soul—I love you!"

Wonder how young Venters will take this simple confession of love? Will he hurry the girl away to some peaceful village and there make her his bride, to toil and strive and live happily ever afterwards, or will his poverty block their way to perfect happiness? If poor Bern only had some money, or prospects, it might be quite different—but he hasn't either. However, we shall see. Another big installment in the Ledger next week.

The Bright Weeklies

They Get Everything That Happens in Their Balliwicks

FARMER TOPKINS is laid up with five broken toes. He kicked back at a kicking cow, but missed her and hit the barn.

—

Tom Bliss of Sand street had a fire in his house the other night. Damage to the house, ten dollars; damage to furniture, by the enthusiastic crowd, three hundred dollars. Mr. Bliss has it all figured out.

—

We have a hen in this town which lays an egg with a double yoke. Now, if we can only have a cow which gives ice cream, we can begin to brag like New York and Chicago.

—

James Burton, our city treasurer, fell over a chair in his house a week ago and broke his leg. He was trying to embrace his wife, as the accident occurred, and they had been married seventeen years. Oh, James, James, why did you do it!

—

There is a complaint in this county that farmers take a shot at every airplane they see passing, but the farmers state in reply that it is hard to distinguish a flying machine from a flying crow. Neither crow nor man has been peppered yet.

—

A horse and buggy belonging to John Scott ran away yesterday, but was stopped by Jim Wheeler. In stopping the runaway, Jim made a hero of himself, and, in running away, the horse also made a fool of himself.

—

On Tuesday night more than a hundred hens and chickens were stolen in the Fifth ward. For the last two days, everybody in town has gone about smelling chicken soup. The constables have made no arrests as yet.

—

This paper wants an apprentice boy. He will be taught to set type, and do job work, run earrands, sweep the floor, milk the editor's cow, cut his wood, dig his potatoes, and do many other things. The pay will be two dollars per week, and the boy will be expected to board himself. If the editor hasn't any two dollars at the end of the week he will give the boy an order on a sawmill.

—

It has become a question with our common council whether or not a bob-tailed horse should have a false tail tied to him, during fly time. We understand that experiments are being made.

—

It gives us pleasure to announce that Mr. Henry Jackson is able to be around the street again. Three months ago, Mr. Jackson kicked at a tramp, and he fell down and broke his hip. The tramp escaped and has not been seen since. Mr. Jackson is now carrying a club and will do no more kicking.

—

We learn that an editor in this State has won the capital prize in a Mexican lottery. We congratulate him with all our hearts. It must be a great thing for an editor to step into a butcher shop and pay cash for three pounds of bacon.

—

A burglar entered the house of Tom Brace, the other night, but contented himself by carrying away two huckleberry pies. It is contended that he ate the pies with the intention of committing suicide. Men are looking for his dead body.

—

There was a case of assault and battery before the court yesterday, and one of our most respected citizens was fined five dollars for punching another in the eye. We suppress all names for fear we will get a punch in the eye ourselves.

M. QUAD.

* * *

Honor Famous Explorer.

THE National Geographic Society has elected to honorary membership Gen. Candido Mariano da Silva Rondon, famous explorer, often called the William Penn of Brazil.

General Rondon won this popular characterization for his peaceful penetration of the practically unknown Matto Grosso wilderness, for its rubber, where he so successfully won the confidence of the natives by his fair treatment and human assistance that they even helped him string telegraph wires thru the jungle of their hitherto forbidden land.

General Rondon is the ninth man elected to honorary membership in the National Geographic Society, one of the other eight being the late Theodore Roosevelt, who, upon his return from his Brazilian explorations, made known Rondon's work in this country by his high praise of the Brazilian's achievements.

* * *

He Got Away With It.

"NOW, then," said a fat man with ponderous voice, as he got aboard a street car and elbowed his way until he reached a small man who was making himself as small as he could—"now, then, I lean on you just so."

He leaned.

"You have cigarettes in your pocket and you may hand me one."

One was handed over.

"Now, a match."

A match was handed and he lighted it.

"Now, then, when the conductor comes along you may pay my fare, and I will pay you some other time."

The fare was paid and after three or four puffs of his cigarette the fat man said to the small man:

"The conductor is inside and you may ring the bell as I wish to get off the car."

The bell was rung and the fat man got off, and the men on the platform looked at one another and wondered if they had been dreaming.

* * *

Has a Sky Scraper.

IN CENTRAL Massachusetts, east of the Connecticut Valley, is a ridge of hills, which after crossing into New Hampshire, sends up a well-known watch tower known as Mount Monadnock, 3,186 feet. This range continues northward, sending up an occasional peak like Mount Sunapee, the southern Kearsarge and Mount Cardigan.

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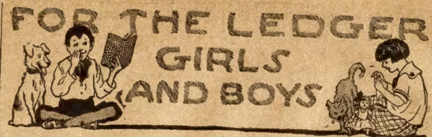
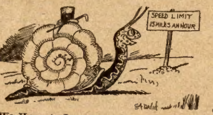


Mr. Snookem Snail

WHEN you "step on the gas," and go sailing over an asphalt road, away yonder and beyond the speed limit, anything slower than twenty-five miles an hour, doesn't seem like moving at all. But with our folks, it's different, and if we can manage to get over three feet of roadway a day, we think we are going some. But when you see how we are built, you will not think it so strange after all. We haven't a sign of feet or legs, and only progress by stretching out, and then drawing up, which pushes us forward the fraction of an inch. And besides being handicapped by the lack of feet, we have to lug our house around with us wherever we go.

This house is a beautiful shell fastened to our backs, and while it is not very heavy, it is awfully in the way sometimes. But it comes in mighty handy to have it along when bedtime comes, or when some hungry bird tries to eat us. When I crawl into my house it fits me just like a one-piece bathing suit, and if it was any smaller, or I was any bigger, I couldn't get in at all. But then, it has one advantage, our folks are never bothered by having city cousins drop in to spend the night, for when the owner of the house goes to bed, there is no spare room for visitors.

We live in the same house all our lives, for as we grow, it grows too, so no matter what our size may be, it always fits. When I get tired of the same place, and think a little change of scenery would be pleasant, I push out the front part of my body, which is soft and mushy like an oyster's, and as it is covered with something like thin paste, it sticks to the ground, and I can pull myself forward the tiniest little bit, and that's the way we walk—if you could call it walking. In fact, I couldn't crawl over the rough ground at all, if I didn't first smear it over with some of this slimy substance. Sometimes on summer mornings you may have noticed silvery looking curliques over the front steps and over the roots of the trees, and maybe you have wondered what they were? Well, they are just the trails where some of our folks traveled the night before, while you were fast asleep in bed. I guess we are about the slowest going folks in the world, but there is always so much time, and as we have no where particular to go, what's the use of getting in a hurry? One day as I was pushing and pulling myself along by the side of the country road, I came to a big sign which said: "Speed Limit Fifteen Miles an Hour," and I just laughed and laughed, as I knew I couldn't go fifteen miles in a whole life time, to say nothing of an hour. If everybody were like us, speed cops would have to learn another business—or starve. Why, I was over two weeks passing that fool sign. We are great lovers of damp, drizzling days when every blade of grass, and every bit of ground is soaking wet, for the wetter we are, the better we feel, and if we ever get perfectly dry, there is nothing for us to do but die. We do not go out much in the daytime, but spend that time dozing away back in the cool shade under a cabbage plant in the garden. But when the sun goes down, and the shadows come creeping over the fields, and when the lightning bugs signal each other with their flashlights, and when the bats fly low over the garden, and when everything is dark, and damp and dewy, we wake and climb up into a cabbage plant and eat and eat, until we can hold no more.



"We Have to Lug Our House as We Go."

And right there is why some people don't like us, as they say we damage the cabbage. But we don't do nearly as much harm as the humans do, as we only nibble a little piece out of the leaf, while they eat the whole cabbage. A curious thing about us is, our eyes are not always in the same place. They are located on the tip ends of two little India-rubber-like horns that grow out of the head. These can be lengthened or shortened at will, and when we are tired of looking about, they can be withdrawn into the head, eyes, horns and all. There is another kind of snail, cousin of ours, that people call slugs. They are bigger than we are, but have no shells, and don't do anything much except lie about under logs and rotting timbers. As they have no house to crawl into when danger threatens, they make no effort to escape, but just lie there and allow any old hen to swallow them whole. In fact, they don't seem to mind being swallowed at all, but seem to look on it as the only real thrill they get out of life. You might think ours a very uneventful kind of an existence, but in our way, we have a pretty good time. There is a whole lot in being satisfied with one's lot in life, even if we don't see much of the world.

❧

Something About Men's Coats.

HELEN was examining her father's new frock coat, which had just been sent home from the tailor's. She was very much surprised to see two buttons at the back just where the tail of the coat begins. She could find nothing to fasten to these buttons and she wondered why they were there, so she asked her father why. He told her. Many years ago men wore coats with long tails that trailed on the ground when they walked. If speed or hurry was necessary the long tails were in the way, so buttons were fastened to the coat, and button holes were placed in the corners of the tails that the long ends might be looped up and buttoned out of the way. Now there is no use for such a button, but it is used on the coats as an ornament and stands as a relic of a former style.

❧

Smart Boy.

"HOW old is your baby brother?" Tommy asked his playmate.

"He's 1 year old," replied Willie.

"Aw, gee! I got a dog that old and he can walk twice as good as your brother."

"Well, so he ought to," said Willie; "he's got twice as many legs."

❧

He Knew.

TEACHER—In what part of the Bible is it taught that a man should have only one wife?

Little Boy—I guess it's the part that says that no man can serve more than one master.

❧

Something to Make Thinkers Think.

Riddle-Me-Ree.

306—My first is in month but not in year.
My second is in head and also in ear.
My third is in rye and never in oat.
My fourth is in monkey and never in goat.
My whole is a German coin, and sometimes a sign of excellence.

—

Double Acrostic.

307—When complete my capitals spell the name of a well-known brand and my finals the beverage made. This drink is sold almost everywhere and is "full of life and sparkle," according to the makers.

All the words are of equal length.

1. To utter melodious sounds.
2. A tribe of Indians.
3. Level and uniform.
4. Noise made by a shotgun.
5. One single time.
6. Period of 365¼ days.
7. Festivity.
8. Cain's brother's name.
9. Not any.

—

Four-word Square.

308—1. To shut violently.
2. Not early.
3. A small particle.
4. To aid the memory.

—

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

303—Hidden Poets.

1. Keats. 2. Gray. 3. Shelley. 4. Wordsworth. 5. Longfellow. 6. Browning. 7. Whitman. 8. Tennyson. 9. Byron.

—

304—Progressive Enigma.

Washington—(Was, wash, ash, shin, washing, to, ton).

—

Five-word Square.

L A R C H
A W A R E
R A V E N
C R E P T
H E N T Y

—

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

New Version of Old Tale.

A SIX-YEAR-OLD boy the other evening was busy cutting out "paper animals" and as he played he kept repeating to himself, "Fleas is white, fleas is white." His older brother grew tired of hearing it and said, "Where do you get that?" Very emphatically he answered: "At school. Mary had a little lamb, its fleas is white as snow."

VIGOR OF YOUTH IN A NEW DISCOVERY

Science Produces a Vitalizer Superior to the Famous Gland Treatment—Magic Power of a Bark From Africa.

Have you lost your youth, vigor and "pep"? Does life seem dull and work a grind? Don't worry. Science has discovered a new vitalizer; superior even to the much discussed "goat gland" and "monkey gland" treatment, by which anyone can now quickly and easily regain the vitality and eagerness of youth and do it in the privacy of home.

The principal ingredient is an extract from the bark of an African tree. It is said to be the most amazing invigorator ever discovered. Combined with it are other tonic and vitalizing elements of proved merit. In most cases the compound produces marked improvement in a day or two, and in a short time the vitality is raised, the circulation improved and the glow of health is felt in every part.

The laboratories producing this new vitalizer, which is called Re-Bild-Tabs, are so confident of its power that they offer new customers a large, regular $2 supply for only $1 and guarantee to refund the money if the remedy fails to give results in one week.

Any reader of this paper may test the new discovery without risk. Send no money, but just your name and address to Re-Bild Laboratories, 217 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo., and a full $2 treatment of Re-Bild-Tabs will be mailed. Pay the postman $1 and postage on delivery. If not delighted by the results at the end of a week, notify the laboratories and your money will be refunded in full. Do not hesitate about accepting this test offer, as it is fully guaranteed.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

FOR SALE

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

FOR FORD OWNERS

FORD CAR REPAIR BOOK SENT FREE. This complete, well illustrated, valuable book explains in a simple way the causes and cures of overheating; repairing Ford timer; curing piston ring troubles, carburetor adjustments and repairs; connecting rods; transmission troubles; care and repair of rear axle; stopping axle grease leaks; also covers practically every other phase of Ford car repairing. Send 25c coin for three months' trial subscription and get the valuable repair book free. Ford Owner and Dealer Magazine, 402 Montgomery Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

TOBACCO

HOMESPUN SMOKING TOBACCO—5 LBS., $1.00; 10 lbs., $1.75; 20 lbs., $3.50. Farmers Union, Mayfield, Ky.

NATURAL LEAF SMOKING TOBACCO, 5 lbs., 75c; 10 lbs., $1.25; 20 lbs., $1.75. Cash with order. United Farmers, Mayfield, Ky.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS; $25-$300 PAID ANYone for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary. Complete outline free. Producers' League, 509, St. Louis.

BICYCLE MOTORS

DON'T BUY A BICYCLE MOTOR ATTACHment until you get our catalogue and prices. Shaw Mfg. Co., Dept. B, Galesburg, Kansas.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

PATENTS SECURED. PROMPT SERVICE. Avoid dangerous delays. Send for our "Record of Invention" form and free book telling how to obtain a patent. Send sketch or model for examination. Preliminary advice without charge. Highest references. Write today. J. L. Jackson & Co., 357 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS — SEND FOR FREE BOOK. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 601 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PHOTO FINISHING

FILMS DEVELOPED 5c ROLL—PRINTS 3c each. Not ordinary kind—special studio finished. Reliable Studio, Station D, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AUTOMOBILES

AUTOMOBILE MECHANICS, OWNERS, garagemen, repairmen, send for free copy America's Popular Motor Magazine. Contains helpful, instructive information on overhauling, ignition wiring, carburetors, batteries, etc. Automobile Digest, 532 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

WATCHES, JEWELRY

ANY MAN'S WATCH CLEANED AND OILED 75c. Repaired, $1, plus cost of parts required. Returned C. O. D. Rex Co., Ashtabula, Ohio.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 85 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next. **W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.**

SALESMEN WANTED

WERE YOU EVER OFFERED A GROcery store? You can handle sugar, flour, canned goods, dried fruit, coffee and entire line of groceries, as well as paints, roofing, aluminum ware and automobile oils, with no rent to pay; no money invested. Take large orders from samples. Goods are guaranteed and proven quality. Selling experience not necessary. Steady, profitable work for "workers." Address Hitchcock-Hill Co., Dept. 218, Chicago, Ill. Reference: Any Bank or Express Co.

AGENTS WANTED

TAILORING SALESMEN: MAKE $75.00 A week selling our strictly all-wool made-to-measure suits at $26.50. You collect profits in advance and keep them. We supply finest selling outfit in America. Many exclusive money-making features. Tailoring, raincoat and side-line men, part or full time, get in touch with us immediately. Goodwear Chicago, Inc., Dept. 127, 843 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING Bliss Native Herbs, a remedy manufactured since 1888 for the relief of constipation, rheumatism, indigestion, biliousness. Millions have used it; thousands of testimonials received. Some agents make as high as $300 per month. So can you. Write today. We will tell you how. Address Dept. W, Alonzo O. Bliss Co., Bliss Building, 35-39 B St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. Colonial Rubber Co., Desk 40, Philadelphia.

AGENTS—$15 A DAY—EASY, QUICK SALES —Free auto; big weekly bonus; $1.50 premium free to every customer. Simply show our beautiful, 7 piece solid aluminum handle cutlery set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., 803 Madison St., Dept. 23F, Chicago.

AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

"$10 A DAY AND MORE," OUR NEW book, shows clearly how you may gain sure success and large profits selling guaranteed hosiery and underwear, factory to family. It is free. Write today. C. & D. Co., E-46, Grand Rapids, Mich.

AMBITIOUS MEN, WRITE TODAY FOR ATtractive proposition, selling subscriptions to America's most popular automobile and sportsman's magazine. Quick sales. Big profits. Pleasant work. Digest Pub. Co., 9532 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of nearly 1,000 handsome fabric samples. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 16X, 573 Broadway, New York.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, N. J.

GREAT PROFITS ASSURED CAPABLE men joining immediately national selling organization for Evenflo self-filling ink-pencil pen. Writes with ink instead of lead. Send for profit proposition. Evenflo Pen Co., Dept. 52, Grand Rapids, Mich.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 2, East Orange, New Jersey.

BECOME OUR LOCAL SALESMAN SELLing high grade shoes direct to consumer. Liberal commission. Capital or experience not necessary. For particulars address Tanners Shoe Manufacturing Co., 438 C Street, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS—CREW MEN, NOVELTY MEN, Gloo-Pen, a 50c mucilage fountain pen; everybody buys on demonstration. Write for big profit plan. Gloo-Pen Co., 56-BB Pine St., New York.

SELL "AMENZ" SHIRTS—BEST-LOOKING, biggest value. Manufacturer to wearer. Every order nets profit $1.50-$2.25. Write for winning sales plan. Menzin Shirt Co., 3863-B, Third Ave., New York.

AGENTS—MOSCO CORN AND CALLOUS Remover will build you a steady repeat business. Send today for pocket size trial outfit. The Moss Company, 110 Searle Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS—90c AN HOUR TO ADVERTISE and distribute samples to consumer. Write quick for territory and particulars. Albert Mills, Gen. Mgr., 5750 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS—COST $5; YOUR PROFIT, $103.75; transferring monograms on autos, trunks, bags, furniture, etc.; no experience; no license. Write for free samples. World Monogram Co., Dept. 17, 244 Market St., Newark, N. J.

AGENTS $25.00 A WEEK FOR SPARE TIME. Suits $13.45, pants $3.45 up. Money back guarantee. Guaranteed quality. Line well known. Samples free. Write Chicago Tailors Association, Dept. 109, Chicago.

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

MEN'S SHIRTS. EASY TO SELL. BIG DEmand everywhere. Make $15.00 daily. Undersell stores. Complete line. Free samples to workers. Chicago Shirt Co., 9 So. Clinton, Factory 200, Chicago.

GREATEST SENSATION! ELEVEN-PIECE soap and toilet set, selling like blazes for $1.75 with $1 dressmaker's shears free to each customer; other unique plans. E. M. Davis Company, Dept. 409, Chicago.

WORLD'S FASTEST AGENT'S SELLER. 300% profit. Needed in every home and store. Establish permanent business. Premier Mfg. Co., 503 E. Grand Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

HOME EMPLOYMENT EVENINGS. START little mail order business anywhere. Stamp brings instruction. Atwood Pier, 74 Cortland Street, New York.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

LIGHTNING—WONDERFUL NEW ELECtrolyte charges discharged batteries instantly. Eliminates old sulphuric acid method entirely. World has waited half a century for this invention. One gallon, retails $10.00, free to agents. Lightning Co., St. Paul, Minn.

AGENTS — BIGGEST MONEY-MAKING agencies in America (2 propositions). Exclusive territory. Sample, particulars free. Thayer Consolidated Factories, Armitage and Mango, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

AUTO TIRES, BIG PROPOSITION SELLING direct to consumer; permanent business. Write for particulars. Southern Co., 610 Lyman Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

AGENT! CENTURY'S MOST SENSATIONAL seller awaits you. Joy-Jel "jells" any fruit juice like magic. Joy-Jel Company, St. Joseph, Mo.

AGENTS: MAKE 100%, TOILET ARTICLES, perfumes, extracts, household necessities. Sample case free. LaDerma Co., Dept. B, Main & Walnut, St. Louis, Mo.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 126, St. Louis.

SELL WILSON HATS FROM FACTORY TO wearer. Extraordinary commission. We deliver and collect. Every man a customer. Wilson Hat Works, Montclair, New Jersey.

AGENTS — WONDERFUL SELLER, 96c profit every dollar sales. License unnecessary. No stock to carry. Sample free. Mission, Factory O, 2421 Smith St., Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREATest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

AGENTS. SELL NEW SOFT DRINK. ADD only water. Goes big. Wolverine Soap Co., Dept. B, Grand Rapids, Mich.

SELL EXTRACTS AND SOAPS; NO MONEY required. Linro Co., Dept. 134, St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

BE A DETECTIVE—EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn large salaries; particulars free. Texas Information Bureau, Austin, Texas.

MEN, WOMEN, OVER 18, DESIRING GOVernment positions, $1400 up, write immediately for full information. Chicago Civil Service College, B-51 Kesner Building, Chicago.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating, refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, headlights. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 1133 Broadway, New York.

$135 MONTH. RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. H6, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

SALESMEN — INDEPENDENCE AWAITS the live wires who grasp this opportunity. Warehouses, terminals, steamship companies, factories, hotels, cafes, etc., are desperately in need of our scientific, positive but simple method of extermination of rats and mice; grateful clients and long contracts await you; best exclusive territories going fast; must carry a small stock; commission only. Write today. The Ratin Laboratory, Inc., 115 Broad St., New York City.

EARN $110 TO $250 MONTHLY, EXpenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare-time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet. CM-12 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

WANTED—MEN OVER 17. RAILWAY MAIL clerks. Travel. Commence $133 month. Steady. Common education sufficient. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. H 26, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

BOYS—MEN. BECOME AUTOMOBILE EXperts. $45 week. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. H 404, Rochester, N. Y.

SILVERING MIRRORS, FRENCH PLATE taught. Easy to learn, immense profits. Plans free. Wear Mirror Works, Excelsior Springs, Missouri.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES: EARN $15 WEEKLY, SPARE time, at home, addressing, mailing music circulars; send for music, sample copy, information. Ansonia Music Co., 812 W. 47th St., New York.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREpaid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

WOMEN—GIRLS. LEARN DRESS DESIGNing. $35 week. Sewing experience unnecessary. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. H 505, Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN AGENTS—TURN SPARE TIME into money by selling Sholl's waterproof aprons, specialties. Big profits. Sholl Rubber Products, 2708 N. Western Ave., Chicago.

$6-$18 A DOZEN DECORATING PILLOW tops at home; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 188, LaGrange, Ind.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUsands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

MONEY IN GRAIN; $12.50 BUYS GUARANtees on 10,000 bushels wheat. No further risk. Movement of 5c opportunity take $500; 4c, $400, etc. Particulars, market letter free. Investors' Daily Guide, 871 Dwight Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

SIXTEEN CENTS DAILY FOR TEN months buys outright five acres Texas oil and mineral land that may become worth $100,000. Write Gulf Realty Company, 326 Oppenheimer Building, San Antonio, Texas.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil well that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars, Texas Gulf Co., 333 Petroleum Bldg., Houston, Texas.

CASH FOR STOCKS, BONDS OR PROPerty that yields no income. Bond Exchange, 718 Sims, St. Paul, Minn.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONGWRITERS! LEARN OF THE PUBlic's demand for songs suitable for dancing and the opportunities greatly changed conditions offer new writers, obtainable only in our "Songwriters Manual & Guide," sent free. Submit your ideas for songs at once for free criticism and advice. We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate publication or outright sale of songs. Knickerbocker Studios, 306 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

MELODY PUBLISHING CORP., ROOT Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y., needs songwriters for its staff of authors and composers. Members of staff pay no fees. Write Staff Manager at once.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE compose music. Submit your poems to us at once. New York Melody Corp., 437 Fitzgerald Bldg., New York.

MEDICAL

I HAVE THE WORLD'S GUARANTEED best, safest, surest specialists' home remedies for every human ailment. How to cure yourself at home, and marvelous $4 remedy free if you write today. D. Wolfe, Box 7, Ridgewood Station, Brooklyn, New York.

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

AMERICA'S GREATEST FORTUNES HAVE been made in the moving picture business. Small investment needed. We furnish complete theatre equipment. Easy payments. Openings everywhere. Catalog free. Monarch Theatre Supply Co., Dept. D, 724 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

FARM WANTED

WANTED—HEAR FROM OWNER. FARM for sale. Price, particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE: $5 DOWN, $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $225. Box 425-S, Carthage, Missouri.

NEW MEXICO FARM LANDS FOR SALE

A NEW FOLDER ABOUT THE NEW STATE of New Mexico is now ready. Full information regarding crops raised and land cost in irrigated sections of Pecos and Rio Grande Valleys, also farm lands in the plains country. Close to good markets. Mild climate and long growing season. You can buy at reasonable prices on favorable terms. New Mexico is adapted to all the grain crops and especially the bright peagreen alfalfa which produces abundantly and tops the market. Truck farming pays well. The fruit raised here is prime quality; it brings excellent prices. Apples, pears, peaches, cantaloupes and small fruits thrive under irrigation. If you want land and a home get this folder and see New Mexico this fall. Write C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry., 982 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

DOGS

HOUNDS FOR SALE; WELL TRAINED FOR coons and skunks. Real treers; prices and ages right. Will please you. For full particulars, write P. O. Box 14, Paris, Tenn.

MEN'S HATS

MEN BUY YOUR HATS DIRECT FROM factory; send for style book. Model Hat Mfg. Co., East Orange, N. J.

PIANO INSTRUCTIONS

REAL MUSIC, TOO! NOT NUMBERS, chords or "by ear." Prof. Sullivan's Nuway greatest musical invention of the age—abolishes wearying scale-practice drudgery. Nuway enables anyone, from 10 to 70, without previous knowledge, to play real pieces at once. Endorsed by eminent musicians and thousands of students. Small cost—easy payments—money-back-guarantee. Free 40-page booklet and special offer, if you write today. No obligation. National Conservatory of Nuway Music, Sharon Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

OLD COINS

CENTS WORTH DOLLARS. DO YOU KNOW that coin collectors pay up to $100.00 cash for certain old U. S. cents? As well as high premiums for all rare coins. We buy all rare coins. Send 4c. Get large coin circular. It may mean much profit to you. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Tex.

MISCELLANEOUS

FREE—NICKEL PLATED CLUTCH PENCIL with each order for "Manos" self-filling fountain pen. Price 50c. Givens, 450 E. 48th St., Chicago.

PERSONAL

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE, caused from weak, nervous, rundown condition, try Castleberry's Pills. 24 days' treatment, $2.75. The wonder of the age. 50,000 pleased customers. Sample and wonderful testimonials free. A. F. Castleberry, Dept. 564, Columbus, Ga.

MEN—WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN. IF you want health, courage and strength, you should consult experienced specialists. We specialize in diseases of men. Chronic, nervous, skin, kidney and bladder diseases. Write. Book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Barry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MARRY FOR PROSPERITY, HAPPINESS. Many wealthy. Best, most successful, quickest results; write, be convinced. Descriptions free. Mrs. Budd, Box 753, San Francisco, Calif.

WOMEN — ERGOIL SAFELY RELIEVES. No harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid, $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., Dept. 4, 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

MARRY — MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 23, Kansas City, Mo.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOGRAPHS, DIRECtory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

MANY VERY WEALTHY WANT TO marry. Photos, introductions, descriptions free. Mrs. Martin, Box 1022, Wichita, Kansas.

LONESOME WIDOW. OWNS $25,000 STOCK farm, desires to correspond with honorable man with matrimonial intentions. Mrs. Lane, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

MARRY HEALTH, WEALTH—THOUSANDS; worth $5,000 to $400,000; desire marriage. Photos—introductions; descriptions, free. Sunflower Club, Cimarron, Kansas.

DR. ROWE'S SERIAL 4, LATEST ON heart, kidney, urinary diseases; important information; postage 4c; send today. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MARRY IF LONELY; "HOME MAKER;" hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; years experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, California.

WHY BE LONESOME? JOIN OUR SCANdinavian Club, 2734 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

BRITISH GIRLS WANT AMERICAN CORrespondents. Clare, 16, Cambridge street, London, S. W. E., England.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 6, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS! WRITE BETTY Lee, Inc., 4254 Broadway, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

MAGIC WORDS! SECRET; SURE METHOD of obtaining your desires. Postpaid for dime. Smedley, 140 Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBLIcation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

MARRIAGE PAPER — PHOTOS, DESCRIPtions, many rich, want to marry. Free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

ARE YOU SICK? WRITE TODAY. BE well and enjoy life. Christines, 6206 Winthrop, Chicago.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANTing introductions, booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D. Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRY RICH—PAPER WITH NAMES, ADdresses, descriptions, also pictures, 25c. Box 3317, Boston, Massachusetts.

LADY FARMER, 49, WORTH $50,000, wants husband. A-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY? JOIN "HOME CORRESPONDENCE Club." Particulars free. Mrs. Keens, B-23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

BUSINESS MAN; GOOD HEALTH; SOME wealth. Ladies write me. Box 38, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

HUNDREDS SEEKING MARRIAGE. IF sincere enclose stamp. Mrs. F. Willard, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

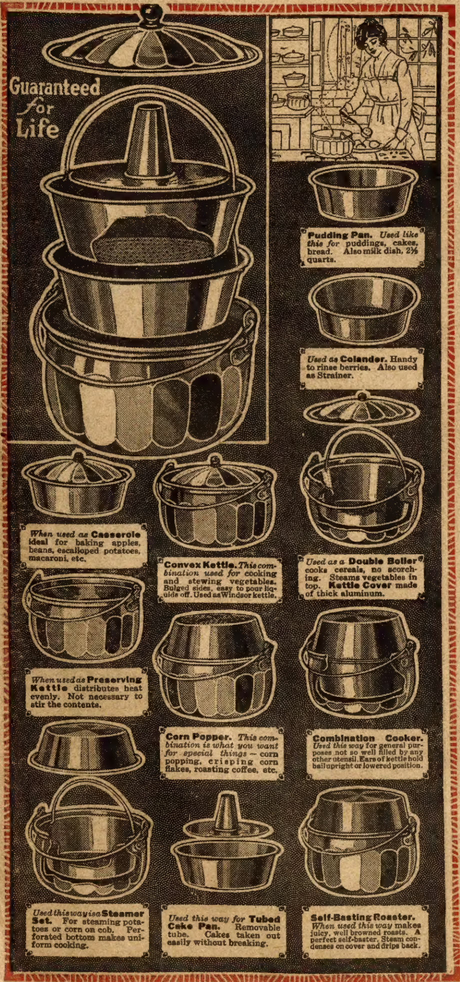
LONESOME WIDOWS—GET BUSY, WRITE me; marry wealth. Mr. Hyde, Box 305, 86, San Francisco.

ARE YOU LONELY? WRITE DORIS DAWN, 10602 Saint Clair, Cleveland, Ohio. Enclose envelope, please.

IF YOU WISH A REAL LOVING LITTLE wifey and a home, write me enclosing stamp. Violet Raye, Dennison, Ohio.

No Money Down

A complete cooking set in this wonderful combination—practically every utensil combination you need for boiling, steaming, baking, roasting, preserving—for preparing the most delicious dishes. And we send it just on your request. No money—send only the coupon and we ship the set **all charges prepaid.** Try it **30 days** on **free trial,** and then if you don't say that it is the most useful, most satisfactory set you have ever used or seen at near the price, pay nothing and send it back and we'll pay the return postage charges. If you keep it, pay our bargain price at the end of 30 days' free trial and it is yours. Very special introductory offer—don't miss it. Hurry your order while the opportunity is yours. Mail the coupon today.


Guaranteed for Life
Pudding Pan. *Used like this for* puddings, cakes, bread. Also milk dish, 2⅓ quarts.
Used as **Colander.** Handy to rinse berries. Also used as Strainer.
When used as **Casserole** ideal for baking apples, beans, escalloped potatoes, macaroni, etc.
Convex Kettle. *This combination used for* cooking and stewing vegetables. Bulged sides, easy to pour liquids off. Used as Windsor kettle.
Used as a **Double Boiler** cooks cereals, no scorching. Steams vegetables in top. **Kettle Cover** made of thick aluminum.
When used as **Preserving Kettle** distributes heat evenly. Not necessary to stir the contents.
Corn Popper. *This combination is what you want for special things*—corn popping, crisping corn flakes, roasting coffee, etc.
Combination Cooker. *Used this way* for general purposes not so well filled by any other utensil. Ears of kettle hold bail upright or lowered position.
Used this way is a **Steamer Set.** For steaming potatoes or corn on cob. Perforated bottom makes uniform cooking.
Used this way for **Tubed Cake Pan.** Removable tube. Cakes taken out easily without breaking.
Self-Basting Roaster. *When used this way* makes juicy, well browned roasts. A perfect self-baster. Steam condenses on cover and drips back.

The Hartman Co., Chicago, Ill.

3911-3925 Wentworth Avenue **Dept. 4762**

Copyright, 1922, by Hartman's, Chicago

Wonderful Combination Aluminum COOKER SET

5 Pieces, Make 11 Utensil Combinations

Pudding Pan	**Tubed Cake Pan**	**Casserole**
Preserving Kettle	**Double Boiler**	**Convex Kettle**
Combination Cooker	**Strainer or Colander**	**Steamer Set**
Self-Basting Roaster		**Corn Popper**

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